

Continuation of
"The Amateur Press"

Crawford 2385

THE YOUTH'S PRESS

A Monthly Magazine for Boys and Girls

VOL. V.

TROY, PA., December 15, 1890.

No. 25.

STARS.

A SUDDEN light shone through the darkness,
The Bethlehem star of hallowed ray,
It pointed to the wondering Magi
The place where infant Jesus lay.

*It was the evening star of promise,
He is the morning star of love,
Fulfillment of the ages waiting,
Set in the Heavens all stars above.*

Minnie C. Ballard.

GEORGE DAVIS.

A DISTINCTLY MODERN EPISODE.

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.

CHAPTER I.

MR. SAMUEL LEWIS was employed in the Cincinnati post-office, or, as he expressed it, "held an important position under government." As the consideration allowed Mr. Lewis for his important services was hardly sufficient to supply the needs of his large and ever-increasing household, his better half was constrained to let one part of the family domicile to gentlemen roomers. On no consideration, however, would she allow a female to occupy one of her rooms, for, as the worthy lady had herself observed, "they were forever hanging stockings and handkerchiefs and things out of the front windows," and

how that did look!

Mr. Lewis was a very fat little man with a very red face, indicative of his appetite for gin and water—which appetite, however, he never carried to excess as many men do. His better half was his antipodes—spare, tall, angular and vinegarish. Mrs. Lewis was the only spot on her spouse's horizon. The result of their marriage, their only daughter, Ella, was a happy medium between them, being neither fleshy nor angular, tall nor short.

The abode of this joyous pair was a house on John Street, which had been painted a bright red, checkered with black stripes to represent pressed brick, but which could not deceive even the black-and-tan terrier that belonged to the peanut vender on the corner. Their front door was reached by a narrow flight of steps that led up by the side of the house—so narrow that Mr. Lewis always had some difficulty in reaching the top.

The day upon which our story opens the house had an air of expectancy which an extra burnishing always imparts. The brass door-plate, and the knocker, and the brass scraper, and the brass railing that protected the outside of the steps, all shone with a brilliancy which oppressed the passer-by with the belief that there were innu-

merable other passers-by, all looking like himself and all going in the same direction. A peep inside the parlor would even faintly disclose the brass poker and the brass shovel and the brass tongs, all nestling lovingly together in their little brass holder. A more penetrating glance would discover mother and daughter surveying themselves in miniature in the articles before mentioned, and also partaking of the general air of expectancy that pervaded the whole house.

About a year before an eccentric old gentleman, with a chronic ill humor, had engaged rooms with Mrs. Lewis. He had a son whom he had turned out, not because the son had

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CLUB LIST.

The first column is publishers price for both papers one year. Second column our price.

Holiday, N. Y. (weekly) and Press.	\$1.70	\$1.45
Alarm (England)	.40	.35
Collector	.35	.30
Youth's Guide	.30	.25
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displeased him in any way, but simply as a way of teaching him to look out for himself. And now the old man had died, leaving all his property—a trifle more than half a million—to his son on the condition that he marry the landlady's daughter! Otherwise it was to revert to an orphan asylum. And it was this son, George Davis, that Mrs. Lewis and Ella were expecting, and that the railing and knocker and scraper were waiting to reflect.

"Oh, I know I sha'n't like him a bit," petulantly observed Ella, with an impatient founce in her chair. "I've no doubt he's a bold, bad man, and oh! horrid ugly!"

"Now, Ella," rejoined her mother, "don't be foolish, pray."

"Foolish!" with another impatient founce. "But ma, think of his coming here and treating me as though we were engaged, and taking me in his arms and kis—ugh! I can't bear to think of it."

"Ella!" Mrs. Lewis' voice rasped harshly. "How *can* you talk so? I have no doubt he is a very estimable young man."

As the worthy lady spoke, a scuffle was heard on the steps, and the next moment Mr. Lewis burst in, somewhat out of breath from his exertion in forcing himself up the steps, and

with a good deal of red paint on his left shoulder.

"My dear," he began, dropping into the nearest chair and panting violently.

"Now, Samuel," remonstrated his wife, "how often have I told you never to get excited, and above all, never to drop into a chair as you have just done? You weigh two hundred and sixty-one pounds, sir, and I *cannot* consent to your endangering the furniture in such a reckless manner."

"My dear," began Mr. Lewis again, "you know I went down to the station to meet Mr. Davis, and to bring him" glancing at Ella, "home. A dispatch has just been received stating that the train has been completely," here Mr. Lewis paused to mop the perspiration from his brow, "wrecked, and George Davis is among the missing."

CHAPTER II.

A WEEK had elapsed since Mr. Lewis brought home the tidings that George Davis was among the missing. The wreck had been cleared away with that nonchalance characteristic of the country where three or four such disasters occur every day. The coroner's jury had brought in the usual verdict, "No one to blame," but the wreck was caused by

the carelessness of the train-dispatcher. The newspapers mentioned it in a casual way, and the affair had been forgotten save by the few who had lost a dear friend or relative there. But nobody ever thought of them.

Still George Davis persisted in remaining among the missing, and refused to be accounted for. Perhaps this was due to the fact that the debris had been set on fire by a patent non-combustible stove, warranted not to overturn or set anything on fire—though it is a notorious fact that nearly every wreck that has occurred in the last fifteen years has been fired by one of them—and half the passengers had been prematurely cremated. George Davis might have been among these—a man is not recognizable by his skeleton, alas! And so Mrs. Lewis was compelled to abandon her ambitious dreams for her daughter—what mother does not have them—and a set of diamonds for herself, and settle down once more to the everyday life of a poor man's wife. Not but that a poor man's wife may be as happy as a rich man's if she chose; but Mrs. Lewis did not choose. While always lamenting the hardness of her lot, she never tried to soften it by a little love and good humor.

As Mrs. Lewis was polishing the door-plate one morning, a young man mounted the steps and respectfully inquired if that was where Mrs. Lewis lived.

"It is," returned the good lady, "but Samuel is out now."

"Oh, I didn't wish to see him particularly, but his wife, who, I believe, takes a few roomers. You are that lady, I presume?"

Mrs. Lewis bowed, allowing a sour smile to crack the surface of her face.

"Well," continued the young man, "I am seeking a room, and, if your terms are acceptable, I would like to engage one from you. My name is George Cooper."

"Walk right in," said Mrs. Lewis, cordially. She was always glad to get a new roomer, as a spider is always rejoiced to catch a new fly, and outdid herself on such occasions: "Now here," she continued, throwing open the door of a medium-sized room on the second floor, "is a very nice apartment—the very one that was to have been occupied by the young man my daughter Ella was to marry. But he was killed on the rail road, poor fellow, and we never saw him," and, wishing to enlist the interest and sympathies of her future roomer, the good lady went on to relate the whole story of her daughter's whilum engagement.

"But how did Miss Ella like the idea of thus being engaged to a young man she knew nothing about?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, she said she hated him, and wouldn't have him; but I dare say if he had made his appearance with his twenty-five thousand a year, she would have thought better of it."

"Mother!" and Miss Ella herself appeared at the head of the stairs, very rosy and very pretty.

"My daughter, Ella, Mr. Cooper. Ella, this is Mr. George Cooper, who, I hope, will take an apartment."

The young man turned, looked at her somewhat searchingly, and crimsoned slightly as he took her hand.

"The young lady of the romance?" he asked.

"Yes, the young lady of the romance," answered Ella, get-

ting rosier and prettier every minute, as she felt his clear, blue eyes on her face. "I'm glad he never came."

"Ella!" her mother's voice descended below zero. "Why is it always necessary for me to reprove you before strangers? Why can't you act with some decorum?"

"I'm sure I don't know, ma," replied Ella, shaking her curls all about her face, and speaking from behind a mass of hair. "Is it always necessary, ma?"

"Always!" said Mrs. Lewis, severely. "Always! You may go, Ella."

So Ella tripped along the hall to her own room and entered.

"I will take the room," said George Cooper, as his eyes lost sight of her retreating form.

(To be continued.)

MYSTERYDOM.

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Answers to August Mysteries.

No. 46.	No. 49.	No. 50.
Z A Y A T	G	TREASON
A S C I I	G A N	R A I S I N
Y C L A D	G E L I D	E I G H T
A I A I A	G A L L O O N	A S H Y
T I D A L	N I O B E	S I T
No. 47. Mysterydom.	D O E	O N
No. 48. P-r-ice.	N	N

New Mysteries.

No. 57. STAR.
1. A letter. 2. One. 3. The Angel of the bottom less pit. 4. Resin which exudes from the bark of fir trees. 5. a crime. 6. Dextrous. 7. Moderately slow (music). 8. a bone (tech.). 9. a letter.

No. 58. CURTAILMENT. *Castanova*
Flats necessarily, Hackneyed and old ones
One arbitrarily. Used in untold ones
Sometimes are weak; Oft are employed;
Posers in laziness; When the eds. drop to them
Truly in haziness. Putting a stop to them,
Two new ones seek. They are destroyed.

No. 59. DECAPITATION. *Cinders*
The total is a kind of cake

Oft which 'tis pleasant to partake;
But, children oft will one the hoard.
Where on the mother has all stored,
But for their sin the surest gains
Are from their ma and all-two pains. *Phosphorus*
No. 60. REBUS.

E(C F)S *Solon*

Answers in two months.
PRIZES: Complete list, Vol. 1 of the *Alarum* (Eng.). Incomplete list, this paper six months.
SOLVERS: *Castanova* answered 5; *Aspiro*, 4; *Arty Fishel*, 5; *Osceola*, 3. PRIZE-WINNERS: *Castanova*, complete; *Aspiro*, incomplete and first correct answer to No. 47.

Mystical Sayings.

LAST month our puzzle contest closed, as a whole it has been a very satisfactory one, and we may start another one in the future. Full particulars and standings of all contestants will appear next month.

WHERE is the *Cornucopia*? MALANCTHON.

THE YOUTH'S PRESS.

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ONCE again a year has rolled around, and again THE YOUTH'S PRESS wishes its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We had expected to issue a 20-page Christmas number, but having been delayed by having to have a new set of rollers made, we found it all we could do, to get this number out before Christmas. The coming year, will see many good things in THE YOUTH'S PRESS. Let us mention a few:

SERIALS,

GEORGE DAVIS,

By B. E. Stevenson.

ST. ALFORD'S vs. SACRE'S,

By Fred Johnson.

THE EVENTS OF A NIGHT,

By Mammie E. Wallace.

ADVENTURES OF DR. WEIGELMAN,

(comic) By E. D. Melville.

MUFF; OR, FUN AT THE ACADEMY,

(comic) By John Weisser.

Short stories, poems, etc., by the leading English and American amateur authors.

With the January or Febru-

ary number we hope to appear in a new dress of type.

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*

SINCE our last issue many new exchanges have arrived. Lack of space forbids mention of them

*

MR. E. D. MELVILLE, 924 Up-land St., Chester, Pa., wishes to occupy the position of editor or associate of some good monthly journal.

*

THE following new papers have joined the Mbapa since last month, American, Tidal Wave, Canadian Advertiser, Youngster, Quill, and Amateur Press (Milwaukee).

*

THE *Literary Signal*, is a paper we are much interested in; it having started about the same time this magazine was launched on the sea of amateur journalism. It has met with success on all sides, and now stands as one of the leading journals of the dom. Thanks, Bro. Ireland, for back numbers sent.

*

WM. Penn is the latest addition to our exchange list. It is finely printed and contents good.

*

The last *Literary Monthly*, Eng., was the best number so far. The new serial, by the editor, starts out well.

CHRISTMAS PIE.

BY SARAH HRBEK.

"I SAY, Hal, did you see ma gettin' the cake and pudding and turkey and especially that great big Christmas pie, ready for to-morrow night's supper?" asked Fred Bradford of his twin brother Harry, the night before Christmas Eve.

"Yep, you jes' bet I did," quoth that young gent, with more eloquence than elegance, smacking his lips and sniffing as though he could at that moment smell the delicious odors which had emanated from his mother's kitchen.

"Well, you know, Hal, that Aunt and Uncle Marston and Jim and Jack and Walt are coming to supper to-morrow, and you're also well aware of the swinishness of those Marston kids. Ma'll want us to act p'lite in company and we'll have to let *them* gobble down all the cake and pie, like they did Thanksgiving Day, and I s'pose you and me'll have to be satisfied with one piece of pie each as usual when *they're* here."

The emphasized "they" of course denoted their worthy cousins, Jim, Jack and Walt.

"I tell you what, Fred, it isn't right and we ought not to stand it," spoke Hal, awakening suddenly to the knowledge that his rights were being attacked. "Looky here, what's to hinder us from hookin' those pies or at least that big one, from the pantry and havin' a feast all by ourselves? We can have a good time and spite those Marston kids to boot! Oh! won't they look green when they find the pie's been all eat up!" and with a chuckling laugh Fred proceeded to unfold his wonderful scheme to his admiring brother, in language not altogether choice or grammatical, but suiting his needs at any rate.

That night, the two boys in light attire met in the hall connecting their bed-rooms. One of them carried a dark lantern, with a red and green slide in it, which he manipulated so skillfully, that the light would flash just the direction he did not desire it to, but after a little maneuvering, he managed to make it light their way down-stairs and into the kitchen, which was usually locked during the night. But Fred had taken care to bring

along the keys from the hook, near the door of his mother's room, where they always hung.

With as little noise as possible, he unlocked the door, and they entered the kitchen. The pantry door opened at their touch, and on the shelves, they saw displayed the longed-for cakes and tarts and goodies, all ready for to-morrow's repast! On the very highest shelf was the much-desired Christmas Pie!

Selecting this and two of the finest and most tempting looking pies remaining, the boys stole shivering from the kitchen, taking care to leave no sign of the robbery. Fred hung the keys back on the hook after locking the door, and treading softly, he joined Hal.

Not felling disposed to eat their prizes just then, the lads placed them on a shelf, effectually concealing them from prying eyes.

The next day dawned bright and fair, though rather warm for December. That noon the Marstons arrived at the home of the Bradfords, and that noon the two sons of the latter named, repaired to the barn, bearing under their coats mysterious looking packages. *Perhaps*, these were only their school text-books on Algebra, which they intended to study; probably the packages consisted

of a first-class Christmas Pie and two fine mince-meat pies, rivalling each other in promise of the delicious feast they would furnish.

The clock in the dining-room strikes five, announcing supper at the Bradfords on Christmas Eve. Fred and Hal who are usually first at the table are missing. The Marston boys report that they have not seen their cousins since noon, but impatient for the commencement of the bounteous repast laid out before them, they trouble themselves no more about our heroes.

The meal begins and surely had Fred and Hal been present, they would have been more disgusted to see the evident relish "those Marston kids" evinced for the good things spread out before them.

Half past five and still no Fred nor Hal. Mrs. Bradford smiles significantly to herself, but ventures no explanation, for she herself is not certain of their whereabouts.

It was nearly eight when two sad, pale and weary looking boys, dragged themselves out of the barn, where they had been enjoying (?) "elegant leisure" the whole afternoon.

When they presented themselves at the back-door, there was a tired, woe-begone look in their eyes, as if they cared no more for the "poms and vanities of this wicked world," no, not even for its Christmas Pies.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Bradford, a twinkle in her eyes, for she suspected the cause of their doleful appearance.

"Too muchee Christmas Pie," groaned Fred sorrowfully in reply, as his hand sought the region of his stomach. "But anyway," he continued, with a wan attempt at a smile, "we had a bully time, didn't we, Hal?" And Hal, twisting and turning in agony, answers with a moan, "You bet!" and then feebly cries, "Hurrah for Christmas Pie!"

City Boy—"Do you like turkey stuffing?"

Country Boy—"Naw! Nobody eats turkey stuffing."

"Guess you don't know what it is."

"Yes, I do. It's the half a pound o' corn that you stuff into its crop after its dead, to make it weigh heavier. — *Good News.*

BRASS.

BY EDWARD P. NEWCOMER.

BRASS is an alloy of copper with zinc, and forms one of the most useful metals in existence. It is said that the use of brass was known before that of iron, and Pliny speaks of its use soon after Rome was founded.

James Emerson, in the year 1781, obtained a patent for making brass by the direct fusion of its metallic elements. His method is to melt the metallic zinc and introduce the copper in thin strips. When enough is added to make the alloy difficult of fusion, the heat is increased and the additional

copper required is introduced in a melted state. This method is still used. The usual practice in regard to composition is to mix two parts of copper by weight, with one of zinc.

Prince's metal, bath metal, tombac, pinchbeck, Marinheim gold and other alloys resembling inferior jeweler's gold, contains about 80 per cent. of copper and have been used as substitutes for bronze.

Brass is much used for the bearings of machinery, for making the reeds of wind musical instruments, for those parts of machinery where iron would be objectionable or where ornamentation is desired, for various kinds of tubing, for tacks, bolts and screws, and for optical and other instruments of like construction.

—:O:—

A LITTLE girl of our acquaintance says she goes to bed when the sun sets down.

WE never do anything well until we realize our worth, and nothing extra good until we forget it.



IT SMELLS BAD!

The N. A. P. A. not quite ready to commit suicide with Mueller's preparation.

THE RAINBOW.

THE rainbow's bright and radiant arc
Now shines and glitters in the air ;
The brilliant tints, some light, some dark,
Is it the sun that calls them there ?

The truth is this, I do not doubt,
The sprites who paint the sky and flowers,
All wash their little brushes out
In fleecy clouds of coming showers. —*G. B. D.*

AN OLD RELIC.

A FEW years ago Mrs. J. P. Putnam of Cambridge, N. Y. presented the Lexington (Mass.) Museum, with a brace of pistols, from one of which, in the hands of Major Pitcairn, was sent the first shot at Lexington, April 19, 1775.

Major Pitcairn's horse and pistols were afterwards captured, and the weapons eventually given to Gen. Putnam, from whom they descended to the deceased husband of the donor.

—*Wilder Grahame.*

FAILING CREDIT.

CURIOSITY collectors have given the old Confederate Currency a value rather above that of the last days of the war.

The first issue commanded a slight premium. In June '61 it was worth .90 on a dollar; Dec. 1, '61, .80; Dec. 15, '61, .75; Feb. 1, '62, .60; Feb. 1, '63, .20; June, '63, .08; Jan., '64, .02; Nov., '64, .04½; Jan., '65, .02½; Apr. '65, 01½. After this it took

from \$800 to \$1000 to buy a dollar greenback; during which time, we can imagine a price-list something as follows:

"THE YOUTH'S PRESS, \$300 per year. Advertising rates, \$250 per line; \$15,000 per page. Bread accepted in payment at \$500 a loaf."

—*Wilder Grahame.*

Did you borrow this paper?

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ADVERTISERS, notice the reduction in advertising rates, which takes place this month. The rates are fixed and final, and positively no reductions will be made. According to our circulation, this paper is the best and cheapest advertiser going. Circulation never less than 500 copies. TRY US!

Announcement.

In our next number we shall publish complete,
IN A GAMBLING PALACE,
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 By E. D. Melville,
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" " 2 " " 4 " " "	38c
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Address, W. H. Eck, Pleasant Plain, Iowa.

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ADVERTISE in Fun. Rates 1/2 cent a word. FUN, Gageville, Ohio.

SEND stamp for our sample cards. GAGEVILLE CARD CO., Gageville, Ohio.

THE Little Chief, a four page monthly, contains interesting reading, Puzzles, &c. Trial 3 months 5 cents. ORVIL WEST, East Portland, Oregon.

Advertise in the

BETHEHEM REVIEW.

Adv. rates, 1 inch, 1 mo. 25c, 4 mos. 50c, 8 mos. 75c, 12 mos. \$1. We mean what we say. Address, t27
THE REVIEW, Bethlehem, Ind.

The Gem Amateur Directory.

Containing names of papers, publishers, editors and other notes of interest and over 25 pages. Price only ten cents. Every publisher, editor, author, agent, amateur, recruit, advertiser and in fact, every body should have this book. Order now as supply is limited. A few advertisements will be inserted at 60c an inch. t27

ALBERT H. THOMPSON, 614 Venango St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MONEY made easy Manufacturing Rubber Stamps. Send for Price List of Outfits, to J. F. W. Dorman, No. 217 East German Street, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

\$2.40 WORTH OF BOOKS Free! Send stamp for full particulars to E. M. LOCKWOOD, 844 Milwaukee Ave, Chicago, Ill.

Next month, an English School Story, St. Alford's vs. Sacre's,
By Fred Johnson, will be commenced.

THE YOUTH'S PRESS

A Monthly Magazine for Boys and Girls

VOL. V.

TROY, PA., January 25, 1891.

No. 26.

THE REASON.

'TIS said we may not measure
The power and love of God,
Nor know the glorious treasure
Beyond the way we trod
With many a bleeding foot step,
And many a grief at heart,
We may not know His pleasure
Till from the world we part.

But when above in Heaven
We 'll see the pathway clear,
And all the faults forgiven
That made us stumble here:
We 'll know God's love and mercy,
His strength and power we 'll know,
And the reason will be given
Why here we suffered so.

Minnie C. Ballard.

IN A GAMBLING PALACE.

BY "PERCY DAVENPORT,"

Author of "An Indian Princess," "An Outlaw's Revenge," "Dick," "Graeco-Roman Charley,"
"Jimmy, the Wrestling Wonder," etc., etc., etc.

"**M**AKE your play, gentlemen, make your play."

The above greeted my ears as I was passing an unpretentious building, the second night after my arrival in Aspen, Colorado, the richest silver mining camp in the world. My curiosity was excited, so I sauntered into the building to see what was to be seen. The first thing that claimed my attention on entering was a collection of many hundred cabinet photographs of famous sporting men of the past and present day—pugilists, wrestlers, runners, pedestrians, actors and other athletes. This was a treat for me, for here I could see the pictures of all the celebrities of the sporting world, of whom I had read so much. These photos were arranged in an enormous frame that occupied six by eighteen feet space on the wall. Above this frame was another, containing the life size portrait of John L. Sullivan. After feasting my eyes on the pictures to my heart's content, I took a survey of the great room. Near the entrance was the bar; the finest I ever

saw. On the end of the counter next to the entrance and back of it, were two immense mirrors framed in rosewood, as were the long counter and other paraphernalia. In front of the mirror behind the bar, were arranged in the most artistic manner, the finest of cut glass and silver goblets, gold vases containing beautiful artificial flowers and pyramids of bottles of all shapes, sizes and colors, containing choice wines and liquors of all countries. On the gorgeously papered walls, hung costly paintings of the great masters of France and Italy. The ceiling was frescoed in the highest art and hanging from it, by silver chains were chandeliers that beggar description in magnificence. At the far end of the room upon a platform, stood a large fine rosewood piano, upon which a very fair performer was accompanying a violinist. This musical arrangement was a shrewd scheme on the part of the proprietors, for the sweet, soul stirring music enticed the passer-by to enter and tends to fascinate and make men reckless

at the games. It also, together with the whirl of excitement, fascinates men to such an extent, that they throw prudence to the winds, lose common sense and in many cases forget the poor hungry wife and children who are anxiously waiting his home coming. Oh! if those owners could only see, could comprehend the great wrong they are committing, by keeping such an enticing place, to lure men to spend their hard earned money, which in many instances are depriving many little children of bread and hastening a sorrowing wife to an early grave. If these men could only see and know of the wretched homes, the broken hearted wives, the hungry children, the gray haired old father's and mother's tears that flow down withered cheeks for a wayward son, of the sleepless nights, and all the misery and wretchedness they cause, I am sure their hearts would be of stone not to be melted by it. Some day, I hope, they will see the fearful wrong they perpetrate and its effects on humanity.

I will now attempt to describe a few of the devices they have for fleecing their victims.

I stopped before a long table which was covered with green morocco leather, and a space in the middle running from end to end, was painted in three colors,

red, green and black, and each color contained a number. This was the Roulette Table. This is a fine contrivance and is worked on a strictly honest plan. About five inches below the surface of the table in the center is a wheel about two feet in diameter, and has thirty-five numbers on it, corresponding with those on the table. Each number is arranged beside a little box or pocket on the wheel and painted in one of the three colors. Running around the enclosure, above the wheel, is a groove. In this groove the gamester would start a small ball rolling and when the compulsion power was exhausted it would drop down on the wheel into one of the pockets. The wheel would be stopped to ascertain the number. If the number was odd or even, red, black or green, those that played the successful blocks won and received two for one; those that played the successful number received twenty-five for one. I watched this fascinating game for a quarter of an hour and I noticed that the largest winnings were on the gamester's side of the table. I saw men leave their seats at the table with a despairing look on their faces, having lost their last cent. It was heartrending to a sensitive heart to see this and to think of all the mental pain they were

THE YOUTH'S PRESS.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

Published monthly by

PERCY M. BAILEY,

Editor, Proprietor and Printer.

Subscription, 20c. per year. 2c. a number.

Advertising rates: No. insertions	1	3	6
Space, 1 inch	\$.15	\$.35	\$.50
2 inches	.25	.60	1.00
3/4 column, 3 1/2 inches	.40	.90	1.50

Less than 1 inch, 1/2 c a word. Signature and address free. Terms, CASH in advance.

Subscribers or exchanges failing to receive their paper in due time, notify us and we will forward another copy.

Short Stories, Poems, etc., always in demand. Accepted articles entitle author to PRESS 1 year.

Entered at the Troy, Pa., Post Office as second class matter.

A NEW SERIAL!

Next month, we shall present to our many readers, the opening installment, of a new serial, entitled :

**St. Alford's vs. Sacre's,
ENGLISH SCHOOL STORY.**

BY FRED JOHNSON.

Mr. Johnson is one of England's most noted amateur authors and we can speak for his story a hearty welcome. Our 3000 readers, after reading this story, will join with us, in saying that Mr. Johnson is one of the most interesting writers among our contributors. Look out for our next number. It will be a dandy.

*

THIS issue is quite late, caused by the illness of the editor, and an accident in our press room. The next issue may be a little late, but after that, we hope to appear promptly every month.

EDWARD S. ELLIS,

the well known author, and of whom it has been said, "the best writer of Indian stories since Cooper," is the author of the following splendid stories for boys :

KENT THE RANGER; or, the Fugitives of the Border.

ROVER DICK DINGLE, or, the Lost Boy's Disguise.

MARIANO THE OTTAWA GIRL; or, the Mysterious Canoe.

Each story is complete and is in neat pamphlet form and illustrated. By a special arrangement with the publishers of the above books, we are, for a short time only, able to offer the *whole* three, and THE YOUTH'S PRESS, one year, for only 20cts. and 3cts. for postage and packing. This offer is only made to introduce our popular youth's magazine and must be snapped up at once.

*

WE call special attention to the ad. of Grant, "the" Printer, as we know that he is reliable and that there is money in the business he advertises. Write him and you will be well paid.

*

THIS issue has been so hurriedly printed that some annoying typographical errors have crept in.

*

AFTER this date, we will make no more contracts to X ads. Our space is taken up by *cash* ads. (February.)

CONTINUED FROM 16TH PAGE.

suffering. Some would leave with an indifferent look on their faces. Very few left a winner, for when they would win, they would play on hoping to win more and consequently lose all in time. I noticed one man in particular, a laborer, begin to play, first with what change he had and losing that, break on a large bill, very likely his week's wages and all his family had to depend on, and buy a dollar's worth of chips, losing them buy more 'till all the bill was gone; then with a pitible look he exclaimed, "My God, my last cent!" and without another word left the room. The barbarous gamester laughed and made some witty remark, then seemed to forget all about it.

I worked my way through the throng of men to the next table. This seemed to be better patronized; men were crowded around the table and all that could possibly be accomodated were playing. Some had great stacks of chips in front of them, while others had but few. On one side of the table sat the gamester. In front of him was a small silver box, from which he would push from the side, two cards at a time, corresponding with some that were painted on the table. On one side of him, beside a large drawer sat

the cashier. The drawer was open and I could see the contents; stacks of double and gold eagles, silver dollars and smaller change in great heaps and great rolls of currency of different denominations met my eyes. Many thousand dollars were represented there and Fortune would had to be very lavishing in her gifts to have enabled the players to break the bank. I looked on for some time, then asked a bystander the name of the game. He looked at me quietly and answered, "That is Faro." I thanked him for his information. Then he looked me over again and said, "You're a "tender-foot," ain't you?" "Yes I am a "tender-foot," I replied. "I thought so," and he mingled with the crowd.

I went to other tables where they were playing poker, seven up, throwing dice and running a game called "Keno." This latter contrivance is conducted similar to a lottery. Eighty numbers are put inside of a keg-like concern, called a "goose neck." This is given a turn and the gamester takes a number from it corresponding to one on a card the player holds. The eighty numbers were arranged different on all cards, the players placed a button on the number on the card as it was called out, and if he got five buttons in

a row he won the purse, that was made up by selling the cards at twenty-five cents each.

In one corner stood a Fortune Wheel painted in fantastic colors and nicely harmonizing with the rest of the gaudy paraphernalia. This was presided over by a swarthy Italian, and his smiles that were intended to be pleasant were more like the grins of a hyena, and did more to scare off timid would be gamblers than if he had remained sober looking.

When I had seen all the games I walked to one side of the room not occupied, to view the surging humanity. Nearly every type of man was represented there. The swarthy Spaniard and Italian, the black negro, our copper-colored brethern, the Indian; here were the flashy dressed gambler, and the long haired sport, dressed in buckskin from head to foot, broadbrim felt hat turned up on one side and fastened with some costly pin, making a picturesque and handsome appearance. Here and there could be seen the slouchy, gauky, country youth, come in to see what was to be seen and *to try his luck*. The timid innocent looking youth was largely represented in the throng, fascinated and vainly battling with the tempter. The gamester sees the effect the game has on him and

urges him to play, and he plays with the usual result. Here was the poor laboring married man, who stints himself and family of everything but a bare living, so he can *just try his luck, just once more*, when if he had fought shy of these dens, he could have enjoyed many little pleasures and gladden the hearts of his little ones, with many a little luxury and made home what it should be—a haven of peace and happiness.

Men, I beseech you, beware of the gambling dens, for if you once develope the mania, you are forever afterwards a slave to it and that will cause many a heart a pang—a father, mother, brother, sister, wife or sweet-heart.

Beware, beware of the tempter, for ruin lies in his embrace.

GEORGE DAVIS.

A DISTINCTLY MODERN EPISODE.

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.

NOTE: This story commenced in No. 25. Back numbers can be supplied at 2c. each.

CHAPTER III.

“MY dear,” said Mr. Lewis one evening, as he forced himself into the front door and accosted his wife, “Hezik Grinder said he’d be around after supper, and would see what we could do about that affair of George Davis.”

Hezekiah Grinder was an at-

torney—at least, that was what the sign that hung out in front of his office said. He was a little man in more respects than one—little in stature, little in ambition, and little in reputation. But Mr. Davis, senior, had seen fit to entrust his property to the care of Hezekiah, thinking, perhaps, it was safer to trust a man who was openly dishonest than one who put on a semblance of probity.

Mrs. Lewis, who still clung to the hope that George Davis might ultimately come back from the shades, had persuaded Mr. Grinder to hold on to the money. But at last, when all hope had to be abandoned, he found that the orphan asylum to which the property was to revert was becoming importunate for its dues. Hence his projected visit.

At eight o'clock Hezekiah made his way up John Street in the direction of the Lewis mansion. When he reached his destination, he cautiously mounted the steps and looked in at one of the parlor windows. He saw Mr. Lewis and his wife seated before the fire engaged in a moody contemplation of its beauties, while at the piano Ella and George Cooper were engaged in an animated, though confidential discussion. (*To be continued.*)

A TRIAL 300 circulars mailed for 15 cents. Address, JACOBSON'S MAILING AGENCY, Box 217, Calmar, Iowa.

"C. C.," 12 times, 4c. Box 217, Calmar, Iowa.

500 WELL MIXED FOREIGN STAMPS, 13 CTS. G. P. JACOBSON, Calmar, Ia.

250 2x3 Circulars Printed on both sides 8 cents. JACOBSON'S PRINTERY, B. 217, Calmar, Ia.

CIRCULAR COMPANION. Circulation 600 copies. Advertising rates 2½ ct. per word. G. P. JACOBSON, Pub., Calmar, Ia.

NOTICE! For \$2.00 I will send anyone a complete Printing outfit with large catalogue and terms to agents. OSCAR JOHNSON, B.41, JOPPA, IND.

Samples by mail. Ink powder to make qt. of good ink, 1 extension pen holder, 1 fountain pen, 24 assorted pens, receipt for magic ink eraser, all for 25c. Agents wanted. GEO. BUNCE, 553 4 Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. Name paper. t31

GAME of McGINTY. Just out! Consists of 40 cards. Heaps of fun for old or young. Beats all games in existence. Sent post-paid for 25c (silver). Agents wanted. Fred E Hiller, Mattapoisett, Mass.

YOUR NAME

neatly printed on

35 BEAUTIFUL HIDDEN NAME

cards only 10c. Samples free.

Address: G. L. COLBURN,
Pekin, Ill.

26 SAMPLES FOR 10 CENTS

MY DEAR SIR:—Are you willing to make a SHINING Silver Dollar easy? Well, we have an opening for you, where you can earn TWENTY every day. Now, what we want is for you to work one day in your town, and try your friends. That is, in order to have you try, we will ship to your address, one GREAT line of handsomely-colored samples. ONLY COSTS TEN CENTS. Charges prepaid by us. Remember, that this offer is open, and we would like to hear from you. Commence at once. Do not delay this offer as we are GENUINE HUSTLERS and want to push out our stock. "The goods are very wonderful!" New and original! Everybody will jump at them! Send ten cents in silver or postage stamps. Also Lady Agents Wanted. Grant "the" Printer, 350 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

MENTION WHERE YOU SAW ADV.

BARGAIN SEEKERS! Two of the latest novels and the American Eagle one year for only 30c. We will also put your name in the Boss Mail List free. The Eagle is a four page, sixteen column paper, devoted to short and continued stories, poetry jokes, etc. F. R. BARR, Martin's Ferry, O. t38

25 TRANSPARENT, Comic, Floral, or Gilt Edge cards printed and sent post paid for 15c. Address, GEO. A. DEAN, 125 Fifth Ave., Clinton, Ia. t26

50 NOVELS, handsomely bound and illustrated, only 20 cents. Address, Star Book Co., t25 Albany, N. Y.

100 CIRCULARS mailed 8c. t27 Eagle Mailing Agency, Gageville, Ohio.

Advertise in the

BETHLEHEM REVIEW.

Adv. rates, 1 Inch, 1 no. 25c, 4 mos. 50c, 8 mos. 75c, 12 mos. \$1. We mean what we say. Address, t27 THE REVIEW, Bethlehem, Ind.

The Gem Amateur Directory.

Containing names of papers, publishers, editors and other notes of interest and over 25 pages. Price only ten cents. Every publisher, editor, author, agent, amateur, recruit, advertiser and in fact, every body should have this book. Order now as supply is limited. A few advertisements will be inserted at 50c an inch. t27

ALBERT H. THOMPSON, 614 Venango St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A GENTS Wanted. Send stamp. t26 W. F. Trulan, Box 502, Andover, Mass.

FREE TO introduce our mammoth family magazine, The American Home Circle into 100,000 homes during the next 30 days, we will send it one year FREE to any one sending 10 cents to help pay postage, American Home Circle, 844 Milwaukee Ave., t33 Chicago, Illinois.

ILLUSTRATED CURIOSITY LIST, with Box Ornamental Minerals, Indian Relics, Curiosities, 10c. "Companion" Illustrated, describing curiosities, 25c. year; advertisements 1c.-a-word. [mention this paper.] E. A. BROWNE, t27 FLORENCE, ARIZONA.

T O PUBLISHERS, and to those about to start a paper. I am now prepared to print amateur papers in the best manner and the latest style type, at reasonable prices. For \$2.00 I will print and deliver 300 copies of an 8-page, 16-column paper, size of page 6x9 inches. Address, WILL S. SHAW, Job Printer, Dennyville, N. C.

T HROW away that troublesome fountain pen. Buy the Yankee Pen Clip. Lasts Forever. Will not rust. Agents wanted. Sells like hot-cakes. Price 10cts.; 3 for 25cts. UNION NOVELTY Co., t36] Rogers Park, Ill.

\$2.40 WORTH OF BOOKS Free! Send stamp for full particulars to E. M. LOCKWOOD, 844 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED TO SELL,

You, one of our packets of 400 VARIETIES of picked postage stamps (including one worth 50 cents and 35 varieties United States) for ONE DOLLAR, 800 sold in 20 months. In United States and foreign stamps we have one of the best stocks in New England. All on approval sheets to reliable collectors. No others need apply.

WANTED TO BUY,

COLLECTIONS of postage stamps of all kinds, containing one thousand varieties or over, also dealer's stocks, large or small. Highest cash prices paid.

Address, W. H. BRUCE, Box 283, Hartford, Conn. t32

THE YOUTH'S GUIDE.

Cheapest and best paper published for the elevation of the young. Bright and sparkling throughout, with interesting articles of profit to all. During 1891 it will publish some of the most wonderful articles that tongue or pen has produced for elevating young minds. Our aim is to enlighten, benefit, entertain, amuse, instruct, delight, educate and please the young.—In fact, to make the world a great deal wiser and better. Price 10c a year. Samples free. Address, THE YOUTH'S GUIDE, Box 615, Lansing, Mich. t29

20 CENTS pays for your address in *Our Agents Directory* which goes whirling all over the United States, and you will get thousands of Samples, Books, Newspapers, Magazines, etc. from those who want agents. You will get lots of mail matter and good reading free, and be WELL PLEASED with the small investment. List containing name sent to each person answering this advertisement. Beware of 10-cent Agents' Directories. Ours is the best in the whole world. Address, t33 E. M. Lockwood, 844 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Cash has murdered high prices at Smith's, but **WILL**

you continue to pay high prices for Stationery? It is

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rageous how some Printers charge. We are selling so low it will make our competitors howl! Just think of 100 Note Heads, 100 Envelopes, 100 Cards and 100 Bill Heads for \$1.50 prepaid. Address, SMITH, THE PRINTER, Bethlehem, Ind. t35

THE MIDGET,

One year and a Pen and Pencil Stamp, with your name and address on, only 25c. The Midget is a 4 page, 8 column, monthly paper. Subscription rates, 15 cts. a year. Advertising rates, 5 cts. a line, 30 cts. an inch, each insertion. Address, WM. H. ECK,

t36] Pleasant Plain, Iowa.

MONEY made easy Manufacturing Rubber Stamps. Send for Price List of Outfits, to J. F. W. Dorman, No. 217 East German Street, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

THE YOUTH'S PRESS

A Monthly Magazine for Boys and Girls

VOL. V.

TROY, PA., February 25, 1891.

No. 27.

A FALLING STAR.

THE sun has sunk long since with splendor
In a gold and purple glow :
Softly now blow night's cool breezes,
And the skies soon darker grow.

Slowly are the stars appearing—
Points of fire—of mystery,
In that wondrous space above us,
In that calm ethereal sea.

Ah! we start and gaze intently—
Blazing swift across the sky
Flames a shooting star in radiance,
Vanished ere we it descry.

Sweetly then a child's voice murmurs,
"Angels let a big match fall,
For the stars you see are twinkling
'Cause they have been lighted all."

Gertrude B. Duffee.

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Less than 1 inch, 1/2 c a word. Signature and address free. Terms, CASH in advance.			

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Short Stories, Poems, etc., always in demand. Accepted articles entitle author to PRESS 1 year.

Entered at the Troy, Pa., Post Office as second class matter.

IN order to catch up with Father Time, we issue but four pages this month. Next issue we will have our regular size—twelve pages. On account of limited space we have been compelled to omit the serial, George Davis, the opening installment of St. Alford's vs. Sacre's, and the puzzle department. All will appear next month and a synopsis of the opening chapters of George Davis will be printed.

*

EXCHANGES receiving this marked, will understand that if we do not hear from them by the time our next issue is mailed, they will be crossed from our exchange list.

*

WE want a philatelic editor. Write stating terms and send a specimen of your writings. We prefer to pay in "ad." space.

*

Did you borrow this paper?

EDWARD S. ELLIS,

the well known story-writer, is the author of the following splendid stories for boys:

KENT THE RANGER; or, the Fugitives of the Border.

ROVER DICK DINGLE, or, the Lost Boy's Disguise.

MARIANO THE OTTAWA GIRL; or, the Mysterious Canoe.

Each story is complete and consists of 32 neatly printed pages and is illustrated. By a special arrangement with the publishers of the above books, we are for a short time only, able to offer the *whole* three and the YOUTH'S PRESS one year, for only 20cts. and 3cts. for postage and packing. Remember that the regular size of this magazine is 12 pages and that this offer is only made to introduce our magazine and must be snapped up at once.

*

WE call special attention to the ad. of Grant, "the" Printer, as we know that he is reliable and that there is money in the business he advertises. Write him and you will be well paid.

*

TROY is soon to have a new paper and its editor will join the M. B. A. P. A.

*

CANTON, Pa., now has two weekly amateur papers, *World* and *Inquirer*. Both are neatly printed and contain lots of news. They merit success.

Exchange & For Sale.

Open FREE to all.

VOLS. VII, VIII, & IX, of the Argosy for sale. Unbound. Every number there, and none torn or dirtied. Box 41, Troy, Pa.

TELEGRAPH Instruments, an Elgin and a Domestic Typewriter. All of them nearly new to exchange for type. D. C. Southwick, Gageville, O.

CHECKER Board with men, Dark Lantern and Reading matter worth \$3 to X for type. All letters answered. Clarence Boyce, Box 236, Troy, Pa.

DUKE'S History of the Civil War to exchange for postage stamps. Theo. Hovey, Troy, Pa.

Standard Agents' Directory.

Names inserted once 10 cents. Subscribers FREE.

P Volker, 364 E Houston St., New York, N Y

Henry Peters, Box 63, Hasbrouck Heights, N J

Corwin A Townsend Hillsdale, Ore.

Geo Colten, 1707 N Charles St., Baltimore, Md

Cleve Scott, Central City, Neb.

W A Rockwell, Troy, Pa.

W E Graham, Bristol, Vt.

Rufus B Kilgore, Bethlehem, Walton Co. Ga.

Mrs. E S. Yates, 1418 W 3rd Ave., Corsicana, Tex.

Thomas Graham, Ashcroft P.O., Clearfield, Pa.

This directory inserts all names rec'd by E.D. Melville, Chester Pa.

NAME PAPER WHEN ANSWERING.

GRAB This Chance! **BEST** Youth's Paper published. **ONLY 10 CENTS A YEAR.** t38 Box 615, Lansing, Mich.

THE CURIO,

is the best amateur paper published. Besides containing contributions from many of the leading writers of the 'dom, it also contains a philatelic department under the personal charge of Mr. E. R. Aldrich, president of the Philatelic Society of America. Ad. rates on application. Subscription, with a nice premium, only 25 cents per year.

t38 Address all communications to CURIO CO., Benson, Minn.

L. H. C. B. What is L. H. C. B.? L. H. C. B. is Leisure Hour Correspondence Bureau. If you wish to correspond with a lady or gentleman for amusement, improvement or matrimony, write, enclosing stamp, to L. H. C. BUREAU, David City, Neb.

WITH OUR PRICES

for Sheet Music, everyone can afford to send it to their friends.

30c pieces for 17c.	35c pieces for 20c.
40c 23c.	50c 27c.
60c 32c.	75c 40c.

All Sheet Music sent free of postage.

WALWORTH & CO.

887 N. Howard St., Baltimore, Md. t38

Also, over 2,000 pieces at 10cts. each.

\$75 FOR A WORD! Write, inclosing stamp, for copy of **MIXED PICKLES**, a grand, new, illustrated monthly, and full particulars of hundreds of dollars, to be awarded to word-hunters in great word contest.

MIXED PICKLES, David City, Neb.

WE want SUBSCRIBERS

and to get them we will send you the **PEARL MAGAZINE** for 3 months **FREE**. No, you needn't send us 3cts for postage, as we're rich, and publish the **PEARL** for the fun of it. By the way, the **PEARL** is a regular gem: it contains 2 serial stories by professional authors, A correspondence club, an Exchange and Query column, and many other things that you don't see everywhere. **EDW. B. HEINEMAN, PUB., 1513 BUSH ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. t38**

GET the set of 4 pretty French girls, highly colored and in interesting positions. 15cts a set, 3 sets 25c; on two alike. Stamps taken. **K. M. Lockwood, 844 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

FOR 10 cents (silver) I send "Life of U. S. Grant," bound and beautifully illustrated. **L. Hennick, Jr., Balto City College, Baltimore, Md.**

MONEY made easy Manufacture Rubber Stamps. Send for Price List of Outfits, to **J. F. W. Dorman, No. 217 East German Street, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A**

100 CIRCULARS mailed 8c. ^{t37}
Eagle Mailing Agency, Gageville, Ohio.

BARGAIN SEEKERS! Two of the latest novels and the American Eagle one year for only 30c. We will also put your name in the Boss Mail List free. The Eagle is a four page, sixteen column paper, devoted to short and continued stories, poetry jokes, etc. F. R. BARR, Martin's Ferry, O. ^{t38}

TO PUBLISHERS, and to those about to start a paper. I am now prepared to print amateur papers in the best manner and the latest style type, at reasonable prices. For \$2.00 I will print and deliver 300 copies of an 8-page, 16-column paper, size of page 6x9 inches. Address, WILL S. SHAW, Job Printer, Dennysville, N. C.

FREE TO introduce our mammoth family magazine, The American Home Circle into 100,000 homes during the next 30 days, we will send it one year FREE to any one sending 10 cents to help pay postage. American Home Circle, 844 Milwaukee Ave., ^{t39} Chicago, Illinois.

Advertise in the

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Adv. rates, 1 inch, 1 mo. 25c, 4 mos. 50c, 8 mos. 75c, 12 mos. \$1. We mean what we say. Address, ^{t37} THE REVIEW, Bethlehem, Ind.

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THE YOUTH'S PRESS

A Monthly Magazine for Boys and Girls

VOL. V.

TROY, PA., March 25, 1891.

No. 28.

ST. ALFORD'S VS. SACRE'S.

AN ENGLISH SCHOOL STORY.

BY FRED JOHNSON, COUNCILLOR I. L. A., ENG.,

Author of "*Gwalor*," "*Paying Him Out*," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE REASON WHY.

"**N**OW, I tell you plainly, Phil, I don't intend to play in this match."

Slowly and determinedly Ben Whyte uttered these words; and they seemed to quiet the ardor of his questioner somewhat, for it was in a faltering voice that he again pressed his object.

"Do you know what the consequences of your refusal are likely—"

"I neither know, nor care!" interrupted Whyte. "Once and for all, I shall not play."

That settled the matter, and comforting Whyte with the parting exclamation, "You're a mean fellow," the wicket-keeper

of St. Alford's turned on his heel, in high dudgeon, and strode quickly along the High Street of the village of Malton. A few minutes walking brought him to a stationer's shop, which he entered.

His dejected appearance was immediately noticed by the owner of the shop, who was a retired County Cricketer, and who thought it of such importance that he could not refrain from asking the cause.

"Why, that thickhead, Whyte, has flatly refused to play against Sacre's," replied Phil Armstrong, indignantly.

"Just what I expected," returned Mr. Barlow, coolly.

"Just what you expected!"

Phil reiterated, astonishment now struggling for mastery over indignation. "And for what reason, pray?"

Here the conversation was delayed by the entrance of a child customer in need of "a ha'-porth-of-ink-please-in-this-bottle!" This extreme want being attended to, Mr. Barlow returned to where our school friend stood.

Now, although a good fellow at heart, the shop-keeper was possessed of the bad habit of always trying to impress everybody with the idea of his great importance, and the veriest matter-of-fact incident, narrated by him, became a "thrilling story". Thus you can well imagine the manner in which he now addressed Phil,—his information being of *real* interest.

"If you are not due elsewhere, I shall be pleased to tell you why I anticipated this decision, in the garden?"

Phil assured him that he was at liberty for an hour, so calling to his wife, who was chatting with a neighbor on the opposite side of the street, Mr. Barlow led the way to a shady little summer-house in the rear of his shop.

When they were comfortably seated, Phil with a glass of cider near him, and Mr. Barlow with a glass of beer, the latter began.

"You see, it's this way, Mr.

Armstrong. Yesterday afternoon I had to go down to the Station for a box of bats, which I shall be happy to show you at any time,"—Mr. B. evidently had an eye to business—"and feeling very hot and thirsty, I dropped into the "Blue Bell" for a refresher. I went into the bar, which was unoccupied until I entered, and paying for my glass I was about to leave when I heard voices proceeding from the bar-parlor, in conversation regarding the cricket-match. Of course, that in itself was nothing unusual; but I caught a reference to bets on the result, and immediately returned for another drink. As you are aware, no one is a more ardent supporter of our national game, and therefore I am a bitter opponent to everything which has a tendency to lower it to the level of horse-racing—which betting would quickly do. Such being my way of thinking, and on that point I am very self-opinionated, I intently listened for further information—call it eavesdropping, or whatever you like."

Phil displayed some signs of impatience, but the speaker was not to be disturbed.

"I soon recognised the owners of the voices as Mr. Whyte, and the Squire's new groom from London; to whom, I may say, I

have taken a great dislike. The latter was urging Mr. Whyte to agree to something which was apparently very distasteful, judging from the many "buts" that followed. He succeeded in overcoming your school-fellow's scruples at length, however, for he said, hesitatingly, 'Well, I promise you I won't play in this match, but you *must* bring that "fiver" to the school to-morrow after tea.' "Mr. Groom" staked his 'onor as a gentleman(!) that the money should be there. And as I left the place Mr. Whyte said apologetically—perhaps to sooth an injured conscience, 'I don't half like the thing, but I'm so jolly hard up.' "

Phil was in the act of draining his glass as Mr. Barlow concluded. Banging it on the small round table, he sprang to his feet vowing he would "punch his head," "throw him into the river," "expose him to the doctor," and do other dreadful things to the "traitor." For Phil was apt to lose command over himself, and become a little melo-dramatic when face to face with a grievous wrong.

Ever since the old veteran—Mr. Barlow—had settled in Malton, some five years ago, he had held the appointment of "instructor in athletics" to the boys of St. Alford's College. Though an efficient instructor in most

school athletics, cricket was his favorite pastime. Very rarely was he away from the practice ground, when any match of importance was imminent, and he it was to whom the Captain invariably submitted the names of the eleven he had chosen—for his approval or alteration as the case might be. There was hardly a boy in the school with whose capabilities in the cricket field he was not thoroughly acquainted. And praise from his lips atoned for innumerable impositions—commonly designated "impots"—; in fact, the youngsters almost worshipped, while all the elders revered him.

"We lose a strong man in Whyte, for he is a fine "bat," and a wonderful "field;" indeed I feel inclined to say we lose our best man. I suppose we must consider his decision final?" he asked, as if doubting what he had heard himself.

"Yes, worst luck! He sent his withdrawal to the Captain this morning, and I wasted all my persuasive powers upon him just before I came to see you," answered Armstrong, despondingly. "And he will never risk the loss of that £5 bribe, the cad! I'd go straight to Dr. Daord this minute if I thought it would do any good; but if he was forced to play he'd miss

catcher just for spite, and pocket the money on the sly."

"Such being the case, his successor must be chosen without delay, and the one for the post is young Rennington," the veteran said, composedly, in a voice which betokened full satisfaction

"What! That young fellow," ejaculated the surprised Phil. "Why, he's only in the fourth form."

"If he were only in the *third* form it would not make the slightest difference in my choice. I've watched his play day after day, and I'm sure you must have noticed with what confidence he sometimes plays the most difficult balls which even Barnes can send down."

"Yes, I have," replied the still-doubting youth, reluctantly, "Yet should never have thought of including him in the first team."

"It will surprise, and perhaps vex, some of the regular reserve, but I can't help that, and none of them can equal him in the out-field—where we are a man short. Trust me; I wouldn't speak for him if I was not certain." Then, after a little pause, he continued, "Will you ask Baværmán to slip down here as soon as he can, and we will talk it over?"

"I'll mention it to him," Phil replied in a more cheerful tone,

as he was leaving. "He won't require much pressing; I thought he would have been here before me. I suppose the Squire's groom is bargaining on our School losing the match, and betting accordingly."

"That's his only reason for parting with so large a sum. He's offered odds of three to one on Sacre's; 'setting a spread to catch a mackerel', you know, but we'll spoil his little game, never fear."

"But who is there in the village to bet with him?" Phil persisted, for Malton was by no means a large place.

"Plenty," returned the old cricketer, fiercely. "Whyte's own gang visit the 'Blue Bell' regularly, though it is forbidden, and a corresponding lot from Sacre's. In addition to a careless set of villagers, who have been attracted by the novelty of the thing."

TO BE CONTINUED.

EASTERTIDE.

EASTERTIDE again is here,

Hail the gladsome day.

Cast aside your toil and care,

Join the joyous lay

That the angels sing with glee

Around the throne on high.

"He is risen!" raise the song

"He shall never die."

—L. A. H.

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ESTABLISHED 1888.

Published monthly by

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WITH this issue of YOUTH'S PRESS an important change is made. The subscription price is changed from 20c to 12c per year.

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WE thank our many friends for so kindly nominating us for office in the Mbapa, but must decline to run.

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stamps of Guadalajara, a city of Mexico, are very valuable, \$1.25 being the lowest and \$30 the highest price of any of the complete set of 38, the whole lot being worth at least \$350. Many of our U. S. stamps command very fancy prices, for instance some of the newspaper stamps of 1875, whose catalogue price is as follows, unused; 9d orange \$12; 12d green, \$15; 24d purple, \$24; 36d red, \$30; 48d brown, \$40; 60d violet, \$50. The provisional issues of 1842-3-5-6-7 are among the most valued stamps in the world. For a Baltimore 5c black of 1846, the owner can get almost whatever sum he may ask for it, but \$1,000 is the sum that nearly all stamp companies have it catalogued at. The issues of Brattleboro, Vt., Millbury and New Haven, Conn., New York, N.Y., Providence, R. I., and St. Louis, Mo., at about the same date are also very rare and command prices larger than many collections are worth. The pride of every collector, however, in U. S. stamps, is to have complete sets of all the U. S. departments, viz: Agriculture, Executive, Interior, Justice, Navy, Post-office, State and War. When arranged in an album, they present the handsomest and most artistic appearance of any set of stamps in the entire collection. The value of the entire lot, un-

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used, is \$237. Several other stamps, particularly those of the early issues of the Philippine and Hawaiian Islands, Brazil, Bolivia, the Portuguese Indies, Cape of Good Hope, New South Wales and a few other countries, bring prices reaching up into the twenties and thirties, and this is deemed by the advanced collector an almost insignificant sum. And the young collector with a \$1.50 stamp. It is just as rare, (in his eyes,) and he is just as proud of it as is the older collector of his set of 'departments.'

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No. 56. Come ye ingenious ones this riddle guess,
It is not difficult you will confess;
What is that number, which if you divide
You will have nothing on either side? 8.

Mystical Sayings.

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Castranova	34	Maud Lynn	6
Osceola	31	Vulcan	6
Arty Fishel	27	Emma Ringstrom	5
Nemo	22	R. H. Goss	4
Cinders	20	Orman T. Pratt	2
Tyro	10	L. Caesar Know	2
Aspiro	10	Spring Poet	1
Solon	9	Brother Johnathan	1
Paul Fry	9	Western Boy	1
Phosphorus	7	Frisco	1
White Star	6		

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GEORGE DAVIS.

A DISTINCTLY MODERN EPISODE.

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.

NOTE: This story commenced in No. 25. Back numbers can be supplied at 1c. each.

SYNOPSIS.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis lived in Cincinnati—Mrs. L. took boarders. An eccentric old gentleman boarded with them. His son had been sent adrift to look out for himself. His father died and left his fortune, some half million dollars to the land lady's daughter providing she married his son, George Davis, otherwise his money reverted to an asylum. On his way to meet his intended wife and fortune the train is wrecked—word reaches the Lewis home that George is among the missing. Soon after a young man, giving his name as George Cooper engages a room of Mrs. Lewis. A week later Hezekiah Grinder, the family attorney calls to settle the Davis estate. Looking in the window, he finds the daughter and George Cooper seated before the piano engaged in an animated conversation, and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis seated by the fire engaged in a moody contemplation of its beauties.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

"**A**H!" said the lawyer, rubbing his hands together, for he took a great delight in seeing other people unhappy, "mine host and his good wife look gloomy. And no wonder! If half a million dollars were just slipping from my grasp I'd look gloomy too. But Miss Ella," and his face darkened as he gazed at the two talking so confidently, "seems to have found a substitute for George Davis."

Then mounting to the top step, he knocked sharply.

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Lewis," he exclaimed, as the door opened, "how are you? And you, my dear sir," he continued, advancing to Samuel's side, "I hope I find you well. And my dear Miss Ella, how are you?"

He approached the chair upon

which Ella was sitting, and raised her hand to his lips. Crimsoning, she withdrew it with that degree of coldness which only an offended woman can assume.

"Well, ma'am," went on the lawyer, turning to Mrs. Lewis, "I'm afraid we'll have to give up looking for George Davis, and turn his father's money over to the asylum."

"Yes, I'm afraid so," sighed that lady.

"Well, ma'am, necessity, you know, knows no law, and if he *would* persist in getting killed, why we couldn't help it. So there's an end to it. Only," he continued, turning around, "I pity Miss Ella. To have a fortune almost within her reach and then to be unable to grasp it, is vexing, indeed."

"Pray, don't waste your pity on me, Mr. Grinder," said Ella, "I'm very glad he did not come."

"So am I," whispered George. Ella colored, but did not ask him why. Perhaps she knew

Before long the attorney took his leave, and as he arose to go, George excused himself and went out with him. Together they walked to Grinder's lodgings, in earnest conversation. Together they mounted to Grinder's apartments, where George produced some papers which seemed to convince the attorney of something very much against his

will. And when George came down, Grinder, coming behind him with the lamp, made all sorts of threatening demonstrations over him, and seemed inclined to pitch him through the door.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Hezekiah Grinder had shown his guest out and mounted again to his rooms, a personal friend would not have known him, for his face was so disfigured by rage and chagrin.


"Confound him!" he muttered, setting the lamp on the table, and beginning to walk impatiently up and down the room. "Confound him! To think of his coming back just when I was sure of that twenty thousand dollars. To think of his turning up just when my case had come to issue!"

Hezekiah Grinder was in a predicament. For this reason. When he had become assured of the death of George Davis, he had appropriated twenty thousand dollars of the money entrusted to his care, knowing that his accounts would not be rigidly examined by the authorities of the asylum to which the property was to revert. He had speculated with the money and—it had flown away. He knew George Davis had an account

of the money, which account Mr. Davis, senior, had sent him a few days before his death. He saw he must be found out. He saw the penitentiary yawning to receive him. He heard the judge's voice, "Ten years, with hard labor?"

"Curse him!" he groaned, "He shall *not* marry Ella Lewis. I must prevent it somehow. But how? Ah! I will marry her myself! Lewis cannot object—I have too good a hold on him for that. His note for five thousand dollars, which I know he cannot pay. She will marry me to save her father—for she says she loves him. Love! Bah! What care I for love? Yes, now I see my way clear—I'll marry her myself. Humph! Quite a romance upon my word—a romance for Hezekiah Grinder!" The continuation of "George Davis" will be found in No. 29 of YOUTH'S PRESS. Subscribe! Only 12c. per year.

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MENTION WHERE YOU SAW ADV.

THE YOUTH'S PRESS

A Monthly Magazine for Boys and Girls

VOL. V.

TROY, PA., April 25, 1891.

No. 29.

ST. ALFORD'S VS. SACRE'S. AN ENGLISH SCHOOL STORY.

BY FRED JOHNSON, COUNCILLOR I. L. A., ENG.,

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Barnes was deputed to open the attack from the school end, and immediately the batsman facing him "took his block," silence reigned supreme.

His first ball was neatly returned to him, but the next was hit clean out of the field for six. St. Alford's youngsters at once gave the match up as lost,—as is the custom of such sensitive being,—but such was not the opinion of Ted Barnes. He meant to have revenge for his punishment "if he died for it."

Six balls to an over was the rule at these matches, and the succeeding three of the first one resulted in nothing—yes, there was something for Barnes thought he had found a weak spot in the Captain's defence. The captain had grown confident too sudden—since his big hit, and Barnes with a grim smile prepared to avail himself of his discovery. Taking a short run, he delivered a slow bumpy ball, which everyone but himself expected to see despatched in the same manner as number 2 ball.

An undecided look on the batsman's face, a quick forward push of the bat—the end of which was rather *two* forward,—a sharp run up the crease by the bowler, and a mighty shout announced the downfall of the "pride of Sacre's." At a cost of six runs!

St. Alford's went wild, and almost broke on the ground in their excitement.

The next batsman proved "a bit of a sticker,"—as Blobbs Minor phrased it—but the score was not very formidable at his departure. Indeed, as one wicket after another fell with rapidity the supporters of the eleven in the field began to look upon the match as an assured victory. (An unwise conclusion!) For when nine men had been disposed of, one hundred and twenty runs were on the boards; and the last batters—one of whom was Jones, who had started the game with his captain, was taking a rest, while a new ball was brought; the first having been lost.

"Game!" cried the umpire, and the players once more resumed their positions.

Rennington—the youngest member of the team—was at cover-point; where he had done excellent service. Whizz! And he became aware that a hard cut had passed him, and raced after the ball at his topmost speed, just saving a "boundary," four.

The innings ended a few overs later, realizing a total score of one hundred forty nine.

"Do you think we shall do it?" Tom Rennington asked Bannerman, feeling quite proud of his

privilege to chat in such a familiar way, and class himself with so great a character.

"I never count chickens before they are hatched. There has been much talk about their bowlers, and we cannot be confident of victory until the truth of these reports has been tested," answered the captain. "And, by-the-by, Rennington, you've done very well so far. Keep it up."

If our friend had not been a sensible little fellow this praise from so high a potentate might have rendered him unfit for what was to follow. However, his head being screwed on right, he remembered the words, "keep it up"; and resolved to do his best—not for himself, but for the school.

After the usual interval, St. Alford's commenced their innings with Crossland, the slugger, and Macfarlane, a famous "barn-door."

The first quickly knocked up twenty—aided by his characteristic luck,—being dismissed with a "bailer," and his place was taken by Captain Bannerman. The onlookers were now treated to a fine exhibition of the dashing style of play, and the plodding; the partnership only being dissolved at eighty four. Prospects certainly looked rosy for the batting side, and the mind of

the late addition to that eleven was greatly exercised as to whether he would have a chance of showing his prowess, as he was last on the list.

The tide of war soon changes however, and when Adams, Forsyth, Podmore, and Barley were clean bowled with four successive balls by Sacre's "demon,"—who now seemed likely to add to his reputation—affairs, according to another slangy youngster, began to look "seedy." Bannerman's individual score then standing at forty three.

The "rot" could not be stopped; the three succeeding batsmen merely forming a procession to and from the stumps—having contributed four between them, and bringing three figures on the scoring board.

What a change! Only a few moments ago the match had every appearance of victory for the home team, while now—there was only young Tom Rennington to go in! And thirty nine runs were still required to equalize.

With fast beating heart Tom took the willow handed to him by the "coach," made a mental note of the advice also proffered by him, "be steady," and walked as composedly as he could towards the wickets.

The afternoon had grown

late; and the hot sun which had shone so fiercely during the earlier part of the day was declining in the loveliest of ethereal blue skies. It almost seemed as though Nature herself had a strong local interest. The swaying in the gentle breeze of the tall poplar trees, which surrounded the match-field on three sides, was the only sound heard. Expectant victors and despondent losers alike were silent.

Bannerman beckoned to Tom as he was crossing to the vacant end, and explained as far as he was able, wherein lay the destructiveness of the "demon's" deliveries, and concluding with the same caution as that given by Mr. Barlow, they prepared to withstand the onslaughts of the attackers like Trojan warriors.

To be continued. Commenced last month.

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THE YOUTH'S PRESS.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

Published monthly by

PERCY M. BAILEY,

Editor, Proprietor and Printer.

Subscription, 12c. per year. 1c. a number

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NOTICE!

Subscribers to MONTHLY MIDGET, Toledo, Ohio.

OWING to a press of other duties, the publication of the MIDGET, Toledo, O., ceased with the April number. I could not, as matters stand, keep up the reputation of the MIDGET as a model amateur paper, and rather than have that enviable reputation degenerate, I have suspended indefinitely and my unexpired subscriptions and advertisements will be filled by this excellent journal. Being in its third year, THE PRESS has also attained a fine reputation as a neat and interesting sheet, and will fill the place of the MIDGET very nicely. I thank all who have aided me in any way, and wish each and all a fair share of life's blessings.

I bow, respectfully,

WILL C. CARR,

Ex-editor of the MIDGET.

WE extend greeting to the subscribers of the MIDGET and hope that our paper will be satisfactory to them. Some subscribers of the MIDGET were subscribers of the PRESS and such will receive the PRESS so much longer. Hoping our intercourse will be pleasant, we remain,
Yours truly, Pub. PRESS.

THE SPRING FLOWER.

THE spring flower stands the cold and chill
Ere it the glowing sun may meet ;
They vainly strive to blight and kill,
But soon it blossoms fresh and sweet.

In its own time it breaks the sod,
Pushes demurely through the ground ;
Its time the chosen time of God,
Impediments but make more sound.

So we fresh strength shall surely gain
By obstacles o'ercome, o'erthrown ;
Yea, e'en the heart's intensest pain
Brings fortitude if nobly known.

And they who yield are as the bloom
Which early frosts have power to slay ;
Predestined are they to the tomb,
Perchance to blossom far away.

For there's a land for blighted flowers,
A land also for feeble souls,
Less trying than this earth of ours,
Heaven's place of palms and aureoles.

—*Minnie C. Ballard.*

GEORGE DAVIS.

A DISTINCTLY MODERN EPISODE.

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.

NOTE: This story commenced in No. 25. Back numbers can be supplied at 1c. each.

CHAPTER IV. (*Continued.*)

HE smoothed the traces of anger from his countenance, and, turning to his desk, rummaged among some papers there until he found the one he sought. Then, placing it carefully in his pocket, he blew out his lamp and went to bed.

* * * * *

"Oh, I'm so glad he's gone!" exclaimed Ella, as the door shut after the retreating forms of George and the attorney.

"Who? George?" inquired her father, mischievously.

"No, sir; Mr. Grinder," and Ella involuntary rubbed the insulted hand violently against her dress.

"I dare say George might kiss your hand and welcome," remarked her father, noticing her action.

"Now, Samuel," struck in his better half, "don't talk nonsense, I beg of you. If there's anything I hate to hear, it's a man of your age talking nonsense. Ella, I am sure, has too much good sense to think seriously of a man like George Coopet, who doesn't appear to have any too much money,"

and with a look which intimated that the good sense came entirely from her, the estimable lady swept majestically from the room.

"Father," said Ella, going over to him and kissing him, "Do you think the worse of George because he is poor?"

"No, my dear, not at all," answered her father, taking her on his knee and looking at her fondly. "I think he's a very nice young man."

"Thank you, dear father; I knew you would say that. He's been here nearly a month now, and I like him very much. In fact, dear pa, he told me just the other day that—that he loves me very much, and, dear pa, I've promised to be his wife some day," and giving her father a horrified little kiss, Ella ran away as fast as she could, hiding her blushes in a very sea of curls that tumbled all over her face.

CHAPTER V.

AS Mr. Lewis was about to go to take his "important position under government," on the morning following the events narrated in the previous chapter, he was greatly surprised to see Hezekiah Grinder hurrying up the street and making violent motions to him to stop.

"How are you, sir?" exclaimed—

ed the attorney, as he came panting up. "I wanted to see you on a little matter of business, so I thought I'd come early. It won't take more than ten minutes."

"Walk in," said Mr. Lewis. "We can talk it over more at our ease in here."

"The fact is," went on the lawyer, entering and taking a chair, "that I have come around this morning on a matter of some delicacy. I have called to see if you would consent to my marrying your daughter Ella."

"Marry my daughter Ella? Impossible!"

"Why impossible?" asked Grinder, getting angry.

"Consider your age, sir. You are forty-five at least, while Ella is but twenty. And then besides, she's engaged."

"Engaged!" yelled the lawyer, starting from his chair. "Engaged! Who to?"

"To George Cooper, the young man who rooms here."

"You lie, sir; you lie!" howled Grinder, striding rapidly up and down the room, and tearing his hair. "See hear," he went on, taking a paper from his pocket, "do you know what this is? Well, I'll tell you. It's your note for the five thousand dollars which you borrowed to pay off that old gambling debt contracted years ago, and which

your wife and children know nothing about. Do you want them turned out of house and home? I'll do it. Do you want them made paupers? I'll do it. Do you want your wife and daughters to become women of the town? I'll make them so. But you can save yourself if you will by simply recommending me to your daughter Ella. You can have a great deal of weight with her, if she only understands the facts of the case. Now, will you consent?" Mr. Lewis had risen during this outburst and stood confronting the attorney when he finished. His face was pale—an unusual thing for him—but he did not look troubled or uncertain.

"You ask me, Mr. Grinder," he began, slowly and laboriously, "if I will try to influence my daughter in your favor. My answer is, *never!* Take this house if you will, in payment of that money. Do you think this house is any thing as compared with my daughter's happiness? Do what you will—only leave this house at once, or I'll kick you out. Do you hear? Be gone!"

Mr. Grinder slunk through the door and down the street. He could see the prison doors yawning before him.

* * * * *

As the door closed behind the attorney's retreating form, Mr.

Lewis sank back into his chair with a groan. Bankruptcy, ruin, disgrace stared him in the face and horrified him. He, the upright business man, the loving father, the holder of "an important position under government," so soon to become a despised profligate, an unpitied outcast, the destroyer of his wife's happiness, his children's hopes. Ah! how he cursed that habit of gambling that once had held him fast. He covered his face with his hands and wept. It is no disgrace for a strong man to weep—Hector wept; Achilles wept; Aeneas wept.

When he raised his head, George Cooper stood before him. But no door had opened—how had he gained admittance? Mr. Lewis was bewildered.

"Father," began George, "dear father, I have overheard the conversation between you and Grinder, though through no wish of mine. When he came in, I was sitting in the window yonder reading. The curtains hid me from you, and I was not aware of your presence until the conversation became animated. Then I could not help but listen, for what concerns Ella concerns me. I have heard the sacrifice you have made for her, and honor you even more than I did before. But listen, I, too, have a revelation to make. It is

this:—My name is not George Cooper,—it is George Davis. I am the one who was to have married your daughter,—and who, thank God, is to marry her. On looking over Grinder's accounts, I have found that he has embezzled over twenty thousand dollars of my money. So you see he can have no power over you or me, while he himself is under ban."

Mr. Lewis sat like a man suddenly bereft of his senses while George was speaking, and when he ceased the old man passed his hand before his eyes as though to clear away some mist.

"George Davis," Mr. Lewis said. "You are George Davis? But—but does Ella know?"

"Indeed Ella knows," and that young lady herself rushed from behind the curtains. "Indeed Ella knows; don't she, George?"

The "don't she, George" was said with such a combination of modesty and coquetry, that the aforesaid George instantly demanded a kiss—which was granted.

"But—but George said he was reading." Mr. Lewis was gradually awakening. "Ah! I see! He was reading you. No wonder he didn't hear Grinder come in. I am amazed that he heard anything!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE afternoon of a beautiful spring day. The parlor of the Lewis mansion. Ella and George are at the piano. Mr. Lewis and wife sit at the window.

The door opens, and a man enters—a man bowed down by the consciousness of guilt and the dread as to its consequences—a man in whom might be recognized the ghost of Hezekiah Grinder. He advances into the room and cringes before George Davis.

"I have come," he says. "You wished it."

"Yes," answered George, rising, "I wished it, for I desired to tell you what I intend to do with you. It is this. Give me that note for the \$5000." The attorney passes it to him. Walking to the grate, he lays it on the coals. "Now," he continues, "you see that door? Open it and go—you are free."

The lawyer turns to the door, and in an instant has vanished. The note smoulders, blazes up—and is gone.

* * * * *

And what did Ella see as she sat before her fire that night and gazed into its depths? Did she see herself and George going through life together, happy and contented, surrounded by a group of merry, bright-faced children? Such things were to

be. Did she see her father nursing her first-born with all a mother's tenderness, and, with whitened hair, going down to his grave respected by all? Such things were to be. Did she see a blear-eyed drunkard, named Grinder, who sometimes asked her husband for money, and then reeled away to spend it at a public house? Such things were to be. Ay, all this and more was to be. Perhaps she saw it as she sat gazing at the fire that night: perhaps she did not—who can tell?

THE END.

—:?:—

NOTES.

READERS, we suppose you have given up all hopes of ever seeing us again, but here we are, none the worse for being late, and with the expectation of soon catching up with Father Time, also of improving greatly. Our next issue will be out in a week's time.

THE Philatelic Department will be omitted from this and our May number, but will appear regularly thereafter.

WE are already engaged in making preparations for our next volume, and we can assure our readers that it will be the best one yet. Articles will be published from the pens of English and American professional authors. Announcements soon!

NICK-NACKS.

Pearl Magazine—the best published.

The last number of American Youth was a big improvement.

Golden Hours Club News will be a feature of this paper hereafter.

The Youth's Journal contains too many departments. It is otherwise good.

Grant's Hustler is beautifully printed on fine paper, but its an advertising sheet.

Club Courier and Club Chat are both good G. H. C. papers. We wish them a long life.

A. E. Wardner, Jr., Kansas City, Mo., announces that he will republish the Acorn soon.

All papers now running our X ads., please discontinue same, and let us know how many insertions of your ad. we owe you.

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THE YOUTH'S PRESS

A Monthly Magazine for Boys and Girls

VOL. V.

TROY, PA., May 25, 1891.

No. 30.

MAY.

O! thou the fairest child of the parental year,
Reviving all the wealth of nature's bright display,
The winter has departed—for which we shed no
tear,

And leaving nothing now but remembrance of the
drear,

And now with joy elate, and cheer, we welcome
thee— O May!

The spring has also fled, and now thy toil remains;
Spring's duty now is done—thy work but to complete

The clothing in new beauty of all the fields and
lanes,

With thy beaming sunshine, and oft recurring
rains,

All nature bringing back to life—the sweetest of—
The sweet!

So great are thy beauties to the relenting eye
So loving are thy charms to the unpretending heart
Now looking quite perfection with clear unclouded
sky

Now painfully demure as a rain cloud passeth by;
Unconstant as a maiden still from subtle love—
Apart!

—Thos. Adams.

—:O:—

St. Alford's vs. Sacre's.

AN ENGLISH SCHOOL STORY.

By Fred Johnson.

CHAPTER II (Continued).

AN older hand in "our hero's" position might have been excused a certain amount of nervousness, and he was greatly relieved when he had successfully played the first ball sent down to him. He was wisely content to "block" for an over or two, and in that way regained entire confidence, and neatly cut an off ball to the boundary, eliciting approval shouts from his school-fellows.

For no apparent reason the captain of Sacre's eleven now decided to change his most successful, and tried a "slow break." The latter's first delivery almost fatal to Bannerman, he having misjudged it; the next was driven straight past the bowler for five, all run.

"Good old Banner!" yelled an excited group of youngsters belonging to St. Alford's. "Keep the old flag flying."

It was now Tom's turn to oppose the new man, and he was 'all there', hitting him square to the leg boundary.

Thus the match proceeded, and the change proving very expensive, the 'demon' was again called into requisition, with instructions to "put him in quick for the little one"—as it had dawned upon Sacre's captian that Tom Rennington was by no means to be despised.

The fast bowler's ire had been roused when supplanted, and becoming quite savage on being snicked for three, he dashed his next ball in at an enormous speed; and as ill-luck would have it, it banged plump against

Tom's left foot, causing him excruciating pain.

The batters were well sat now, confident in each other's abilities they played coolly and well; never exerting themselves to a dangerous degree, and, whilst carefully blocking balls pitched straight for the wickets, always.

Slowly the score rose until it stood at 138, the intensity of feeling run very high. With the partisans of Sacre's, it was no longer a question as to how many would they win by, but shall we manage to do it. And one particular knowing(?) person on the field was dreadfully anxious.

The progress of the game was delayed a few moments, as Tom's foot having swelled to the utmost extent his shoe would allow, he was hardly able to stand. He would not give in, however, but stuck bravely to his post, of course having another player to run for him, and five singles were added bringing the total to 143.

Bannerman was sorely troubled when he thought of his young comrade's sufferings, and endeavored to keep the bowlers opposite himself. A "slow underhand" was now tried with no other result than two two's to the credit of the captain.

Each batsman had been so closely occupied, one with his sufferings, the other in his endeavor to keep the bulk of the

bowling, that they were greatly astonished to find the score had crept up until *only two runs were required to tie the score. Three to win!*

The glorious uncertainty of cricket was again exemplified. Victory had shown on the one side for a time, only to make the shadow of defeat the deeper; then positions were again reversed, and doubt existed once more.

Poor Tom began to feel very faint, and he was afraid that he would soon be unable to bat. So he pluckily resolved to bear the awful pain a little longer, and to punish the first ball he could.

The chance came without delay, the next ball being pitched wide on the off side. Stepping across his wicket—the effort causing him acute agony—he dextrously cut it, hard.

Once! Twice!! And the match was saved.

Deafening plaudits rent the summer air, from homesters and visitors alike. It had been a memorable struggle; and now the issue was breathlessly awaited.

Several of the players now urged Tom to retire, but whether they did so in an intirely disinterested spirit or not, Master Tom would have none of it. Not only so, but removing the

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ESTABLISHED 1888.

Published monthly by

PERCY M. BAILEY,

Editor, Proprietor and Printer.

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shoe from his damaged foot, he gamely asked for the renewal of the game.

A new fast bowler took the ball, and being a boy of vicious temperament, he determined to frighten our hero by aiming at the injured member, thereby hoping to get at his wicket.

The 'ruse' proved successful. Thinking the ball was flying straight to his foot, Tom forgot that he held a bat with which to defend himself, lost heart, and rushed from the sticks and in consequence saw the leg stump fly into the air.

Although sadly disappointed, Tom's schoolfellows now proceeded to relieve their pent-up feelings, and made a wild rush across the fields. Like a host of pursuing wolves (if the reader will justify the simile by replacing fierceness with admiration) they flew towards the crease, and sought to carry their comrade round the field in the orthodox fashion. While another division followed in the wake of the captain as he made his way to the tent, cheering and shouting their hurrahs unceasingly.

He did not do this in disregard of Tom's condition, now that the crucial point was passed, but having prevented the boys from carrying out their design by reminding them of Tom's condition, he thought it best to

lessen the crowd in that way. The poor boy could not walk or even stand, and lay on the grass with an unusually pale and haggard face, until a rude litter was formed, when he was conveyed triumphantly into the large Marque, amidst the applause of everyone assembled, placed on the left hand side of Doctor Daord at the head of the table, having strongly resisted the suggestion to carry him to the Doctor's private study; whence a view of the field could be obtained. Imagine the feelings of the leader of the amateur betting fraternity! Mr. Barlow roared again and again as he caught sight of that worthy leaving the scene in a great rage. Five pounds for nothing!

Mr. B. could not help laughing. And as he showed no signs of stopping, Bannerman, who was standing near, felt constrained to ask the reason of his mirth.

"Why, just look at the pleasant countenance of the Squire's Sporting groom," he cried, pointing to the retreating figure. "Ha! Ha! Ha! Five pounds thrown away, and all through our little champion."

And the twain entered the Marque, happy.

THE END.

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Samples by mail. Ink powder to make qt. of good ink, 1 extension pen holder, 1 fountain pen, 24 assorted pens, receipt for magic ink eraser, all for 25c. Agents wanted. GEO BUNCE, 553 4 Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Name paper. t31

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THE YOUTH'S PRESS.

[Entered at the Troy, Pa., Post Office, as second class mail matter.]

Devoted to Literature, Philately, and the Golden Hours Clubs.

Vol. 6, No. 1. TROY, PA., June 25, 1891. Whole No. 31.

RATHER RAPID RECKONING.

BY WILDER GRAHAME.

"I SAY, Will, just look at this."

I was poring over a truant problem in Geometry, and, feeling that he had better be also, I half resented my room-mate's sudden interruption. We were so different, Harry Adams and I, though we had been the closest of friends from childhood, or, as he would have it, from toddlehood. He, robust and active, was foremost in the sports. I always had a pride in watching him, rowing, skating, or what not, more perhaps than if it had been myself. As for me, his opposite, I lived in books. Being of a shy, retiring disposition, I made few friends where he had many, and I sometimes wondered how it came that he was mine. Neither of us could remember when we were not intimate, so we, perhaps, became so before the contrast was so marked, and kept it up afterward as a matter of course.

In the school-room Harry was not of the best, though always a favorite with his teachers in spite of his mischievous, and, at times,

almost impertinent ways. While very easy to learn, he was so hard to teach. His eyes seemed always on some flying base-ball, and his feet eager to give chase.

A short time before the opening of this tale, we had together left the village school and entered the Boy's Seminary at B—, more, perhaps, because it was the fashion, than for want of good teachers at home. Of course we roomed together, and, equally of course, Harry became a general favorite before I began to get acquainted. So he worked, ran errands, and visited for two, while I was contented to, as far as practicable, study for the same number and the same two, at that. No great benefit to either of us, this mutual assistance, but we were satisfied, and did not see fit to council others about it. It did vex me, though, today, when, on looking from the thus far victorious problem, nothing more important than a neat little note-book was held up for inspection.

"And for this," I exclaimed, "you would rouse a fellow sufferer from the land of dreams and Geometry, would you?"

"Oh pshaw, Will," he replied. "If you were at that last prob-

lem I'm awfully sorry I said a word, for—I'll tell you a secret—I tried that faithfully for the greater part of an hour, I suppose, last evening while you were to see Prof. and then I did not get it. But look at this."

Knowing I had been out less than ten minutes, and that in two hours I had made no progress, I did not greatly wonder at his want of success. Though I took the book from his hand without further discussion, merely asking,

"What is peculiar about it?"

"Look at the name and see," he replied.

I looked and was somewhat surprised to find it belonged to to Prof. R—, himself.

"Where did you get it?" I asked quickly.

"I found it in our desk just now, when I was looking for that base-ball record."

"But how did it get there?"

"Don't you know?" he asked in a tone I did not quite like.

"No. Do you?"

"Well, no, I don't exactly know," he admitted, "but I can surmise pretty straight, I think," and I noticed his face was flushed as if with anger. "Why you see," he continued, "Prof. searched our room and dropped it here himself."

My face flushed hotly.

"Searched our room! What for? What does he suspect us of?" I demanded.

"Oh, nothing in particular as I know of. He will though of several things, before we're through or I don't know. You needn't be scared. The boys say it's a favorite trick of his and I think it's a pretty set that will stand it. I won't and if you do, you're a bald-headed turkey, that's all."

"What would you have me do?" I asked, not caring to be classed in this branch of the poultry yard.

"Do? Nothing yet. I'll do pretty quick though. But if he launches down on you, just stand by my story. I'll tell the truth." Seeing my hesitation which was really occasioned by a fear that he would not. He always told what he considered the truth, to be sure, but he had a way of misleading, which always seemed, to me, in principle, at least, as little short of lying. I always thought that a black lie, like anything else, only increased in size by heaping on white paint. So it was with some misgivings that I went to class soon afterwards.

"Meanwhile, thanks to Harry's industry, the boys knew all about the affair, and I think some of them knew, though I did not, what Harry intended doing with the book. He apologized afterwards, for not telling me. Said he feared I would object and he had no patience for an argument.

It was not till the bell rang that I thought again of the problem, so, very unwillingly, I went to my class without it. However, I was not alone in this. Not one in the class had mastered it, I found out later on.

We were ranged around three sides of the room, with Professor's desk near the remaining side on which was the black-board. We were barely seated, when Harry arose, and, holding the note-book toward the Professor, said, 'Is this yours? I found it in our desk.' There was a half-suppressed titter from the boys, who had long suspected that their rooms were searched.

"It is," replied the teacher, "but, hold on; I don't understand how it came there. Did you take it, when I sent you to my desk yesterday?"

"No sir," Harry replied shortly.

"Then how did it come there?"

"I thought perhaps it was dropped there by accident."

No more was said, at the time, and we were assigned problems, I, much to my disgust, getting that "last problem" to try again.

On my way to the board a new idea struck me, and, getting the problem without difficulty, I returned to my seat in triumph.

I noticed Professor looking at me very queerly, and did not feel at ease, by any means, for I felt certain something was coming I did not care to meet, but

could not think what.

After going through with my explanation, I was returning to my seat, when I was brought to a halt before the desk by a stern command.

"Stop, sir! you said you had not worked that problem when you came into the class?"

"I thought it out on my way to the board."

"You did, did you? Very well. But have you seen this before?" he asked, holding up the note-book.

"Yes sir," I replied. "I saw it after Harry found it in our desk this morning."

"Did you notice what it contained?"

"I did not."

"Take care, sir. Do you know what it is?"

"I know nothing about it," I returned, fully angered by his manner.

"Well, young man, I am very glad if you do not, but very sorry to hear you say so, because I know you do. Now I will let the class see also."

A hot reply was on my tongue, but, thinking I would have chances enough before I was through, I waited the better to understand the case.

(To be continued in our next.)

"I cannot live without thee!"

He sang, and truly too;

For she had all the money,

And he had not a sou;

He took the Press and was happy

lem I'm awfully sorry I said a word, for—I'll tell you a secret—I tried that faithfully for the greater part of an hour, I suppose, last evening while you were to see Prof. and then I did not get it. But look at this."

Knowing I had been out less than ten minutes, and that in two hours I had made no progress, I did not greatly wonder at his want of success. Though I took the book from his hand without further discussion, merely asking,

"What is peculiar about it?"

"Look at the name and see," he replied.

I looked and was somewhat surprised to find it belonged to to Prof. R—, himself.

"Where did you get it?" I asked quickly.

"I found it in our desk just now, when I was looking for that base-ball record."

"But how did it get there?"

"Don't you know?" he asked in a tone I did not quite like.

"No. Do you?"

"Well, no, I don't exactly know," he admitted, "but I can surmise pretty straight, I think," and I noticed his face was flushed as if with anger. "Why you see," he continued, "Prof. searched our room and dropped it here himself."

My face flushed hotly.

"Searched our room! What for? What does he suspect us of?" I demanded.

"Oh, nothing in particular as I know of. He will though of several things, before we're through or I don't know. You needn't be scared. The boys say it's a favorite trick of his and I think it's a pretty set that will stand it. I won't and if you do, you're a bald-headed turkey, that's all."

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PHILATELY.

Hints to Young Collectors.

BY AMOS KETO.

YO you who are about to start a collection of stamps and hardly know how to begin, and also to those who perhaps have already a collection of a few hundred, we would give a few words of advice; which, ere so very long a time rolls by may be of some advantage to you.

As a first and most important thing, we would say to the prospective collector, provide yourself with a stamp catalog. Scott's is generally conceded to be the best.

Then purchase an album. The International Album, (published by the Scott Stamp & Coin Co., 12 East 23d St., New York,) is said to be and probably is the best, being used by the majority of collectors. It is published in different styles and sizes, at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$30. Very good albums for a beginner can be purchased at from \$.25 to \$.75 of almost any reputable firm.

The best way for the young collector to purchase stamps is either in packets, or from approval sheets, which are sent out by all dealers. In buying by the packet system, of course many duplicates will be found, but these can be easily traded off or sold to your collecting friends, and besides you know there is a saying that "duplicates always

come in handy anyway." Buying from approval sheets is however, probably the best way, as the collector can examine his stamps before purchasing, and also stands less chances of having himself flooded with *counterfeits*, the curse of the philatelic world.

Stamps should *never* be pasted in an album. They should always be attached by a hinge made by a small square piece of gummed paper, folded in the center and one half made fast to the stamp, while the other half is attached to the album. By inserting your stamps in this manner, you can afterwards examine them for watermarks, grillings, etc., without taking the stamps from the album and without injuring them either.

Do not by any means consider yourself a philatelist unless you thoroughly *study* your stamps. A collector you may be, but a true philatelist is one who can find hours of interest and enjoyment in looking up the history of each and every stamp in his collection. A new world is opened up before him, in which he sees things which never before had he even so much as dreamed of. What caused this stamp to be issued? Perhaps many lives were lost because of it. Oh, great lessons they will teach and great stories they will tell, these insignificant slips of paper. Study them well!

REMORSE.

IT was a pleasant Summer's eve,
When all was calm and still ;
The sun had sunk to rest once more
And tinged with gold the rill.
A damsel hastened o'er the fields
In deep and pensive mood ;
Oh, was it thoughts of love untold
On which she sadly brood ?

No, other thoughts possessed her now,
And filled her breast with pain :
She heeded not the golden ray,
The wild birds sweet refrain.
Her every thought was far away,
Swift footsteps nought must hinder,
As she grumbling said, "that blessed pie
Will be burnt up to a cinder."

—*Ogden Palmer.*

DISCUSSION.

RESOLVED: *That the World's Fair should be open on Sunday.*

Articles for this discussion solicited from all. Hereafter no article can contain more than 300 words. (See editorial note, Page 9.)

ONE of the most popular topics of the day is, "Should the World's Fair be open on Sunday?" There is much to say on both sides of this question and often its upholders, both pro and con, engage in a more than a friendly debate on the subject.

When the question is brought down to its fine point, it can readily be seen that it is only a matter of religion, that is—should or should not the Lord's Day be observed with rest and quiet and without labor?

When the Bible itself is consulted, it may be seen that it does not prohibit any *good* work taking place on the Sabbath—only that which profanes and pollutes the holy day. In Isaiah LVI, I, we find this passage, "Blessed is the man * * * * that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it and keepeth his hand from doing any evil."

The World's Fair is the grand centennial celebration of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus and surely this glorious tribute to the mental improvement of mankind, which caused them to seek new worlds and new ideas, should not be regarded as an evil.

When all the countries of the entire globe come together in one grand convention for the purpose of exhibiting to the world the marvelous mechanical achievements, educational, agricultural, and domestic improvements, and thousands of useful inventions, which have marked their intellectual and social progress, thus to elevate and refine all mankind, surely there can be no harm in all this, and surely there can be no more harm in the Sunday opening of the ne'er to be equaled Columbus Exposition.

But take the question in a more confined sense. Think what thousands and thousands of day laborers, working men and women, who though desiring to behold the several departments of the Great Fair, will not be able to do so unless it is open on Sunday, as they cannot obtain leave from their work without it being deducted from their weekly pay. Of course you will say that is only a matter of a few dollars or cents, but think what it means to them. They cannot afford to lose many days from each week, if they expect to support themselves and often large families, dependent upon them.

A Sunday opening of the Fair would be a most advantageous arrangement for the working classes, and for thousands of business men and women, who

CONTINUED ON NINTH PAGE

OF INTEREST TO GOLDEN HOURS CLUBS.

The Reorganization Plans.—
Please Many.—Displease
a Few Grumblers.

*"The Name not Decided Club"
will be a BIG Failure.—
Its Promoters are Am-
ateur Editors.*

CLUB NEWS, CHAT, &c., &c.

—:O:—

MR. WM. C. DUNN, editor of *Golden Hours*, has reorganized the Golden Hours Club. As much as we have seen of the workings of his plans we find they are for the good of the Club. His not recognizing the alliances is the best of all, as it makes the Club one body, and does away with the jealousy existing between the different sections. A few prominent, *defeated* candidates of the late Golden Hours Club Election, have resigned from the Club on account of Mr. Dunn's reorganization plans, they say; and prophesy that it will soon be in ruins, with their valuable help withdrawn. Already the National Club shows new prosperity, *Golden Hours* devotes more space to Club News, and soon the resigned ex-members will wish they had stayed in the Club, for they will find that it can get along, as well, if not better, without them, for they were continually finding fault with something or other.

THE idea of a party of youngsters like the editors of "Club Chat," "Tom Cat," "Southern Herald" and others of their like, thinking that they can organize and successfully run a club of the magnitude of the National Golden Hours Club, which has 24,000 members, and also publish a large professional paper is ridiculous. We predict a dismal failure for them, for they haven't the capital, nor the brains to plan and carry out such a scheme.

IN one thing only do we favor the "name not decided Club," and that is in their cry for a better class of literature in *Golden Hours*. At present

most of the stories are first-class, but there are some that are regular dime-novel, "blood-and-thunder" style. We hope to see this remedied soon.

••

THE new department in *Golden Hours*, "Talks with Members," is very interesting and will prove a valuable addition to the paper. We clip the following, by *Scriptus*:

BE honest, boys, be brave, be true;
Be earnest too, in all you do.
In youth lay in a mental store—
In age you'll need it more and more.
Remember life is but a day—
Improve it, then, while yet you may.
Strive to acquire the happy power
Of using well each golden hour.

••

MEMBERS are wanted for Golden Hours Philatelic Club (branch No. 92), of Troy, Pa. Advantages are, Exchange Department, for the sale and exchange of member's duplicate stamps; Philatelic Fraud Reporting; Philatelic Library; etc.; etc. THE YOUTH'S PRESS sent free to all members. Dues, only 20 cents per year, and must be paid on admittance to the club. No initiation fees. Full particulars for a two cent stamp. Address, P. M. Bailey, Sec., Troy, Pa.

••



WE send a sample copy of THE YOUTH'S PRESS this month, to every G. H. Branch Club now organized and hope every club will subscribe for one or more copies, as this paper will publish *the Club News*, and is the most firmly established of all G. H. Club papers.

••

ALL club papers start out with such brilliant promises, but how many keep them? "Club Chat" commenced as a semi-monthly and guaranteed subscribers 24 numbers, and now it is published monthly. "Club Courier" has not been issued since May, and "Club Review," "Anchor," and other New York city papers have not appeared for a long time.

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Samples by mail. Ink powder to Smake qt. of good ink, 1 extension pen holder, 1 fountain pen, 24 assorted pens, receipt for magic ink eraser, all for 25c. Agents wanted. GEO. BUNCE, 553 4 Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. Name paper. t31

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A handsome illustrated monthly magazine for publishers, advertisers, writers, and for the general reader, containing articles on a variety of subjects of interest to everybody. A special feature will be items concerning the coming great world's fair to be held in Chicago in 1893. One dollar for 12 numbers. Sample copy 10 cents. Published by

W. S. PARKER, 59 Dearborn St., CHICAGO

MONEY

made easy Manufacturing Rubber Stamps. Send for Price List of Outfits, to J. F. W. Dorman, No. 217 East German Street, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A

cannot lose the time during the week, whereas on Sunday they are free from all such pressing business duties.

The different Labor Unions in the country, the Women's Co-operative Associations and Workingmen's Societies declare in favor of having the World's Fair Buildings open on Sunday.

Thousands of prominent clergymen, lawyers, doctors, editors, authors, professors and men in all stations of life, have reviewed the question in its several phases, and given their written opinion in favor of the Sunday opening.

Eminent members of the clerical profession say they have as yet to discover anything wrong or sacrilegious in allowing the World's Fair to be open on the Sabbath.

It has been mentioned by some that the Sunday opening of an institution like the World's Fair will tend to make the seventh another day of labor. Let us see what the organized orders of Workingman in New York and vicinity said in refutation of this statement when the Sunday opening of the Metropolitan Museum was decided on. "To the argument that Sunday opening will tend to make Sunday another day of labor the New York workingman replies, that he is able to prevent any such an intrusion on his rights. As he is now able to determine the number of hours he shall labor a day, so can he also determine the number of days he shall labor in the week."

Such men as George W. Curtis, Rev. Lyman Abbott, Geo. W. and Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Chauncey M. Depew, Theodore Roosevelt, etc., etc., favor the Sunday opening and see no wrong in the arrangement. The majority of the people in the U. S. desire the Sunday opening of the World's Fair, and they *will* have it; whether there will be a minority against it or not. Our laws say, "The Majority rules, and therefore we may look forward to the Sunday opening of the World's Greatest Fair in 1893.

—SARAH HRBEK.

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As a sort of key, we give the following: 29 subscriptions expired with May number, and 16 will expire with July issue.

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[Entered at the Troy, Pa., Post Office, as second class mail matter.]

Devoted to Literature, Philately, and the Golden Hours Clubs.

Vol. 6, No. 2. TROY, PA., July 25, 1891. Whole No. 32.

RATHER RAPID RECKONING.

BY WILDER GRAHAME.

(Continued from last month.)

"THIS," Professor continued, "is the book; and this, is the solution to that last problem not one of the rest of you could get. I think that explains how it came in his desk. Young man," turning to me, "you may be excused. I will see you tonight in my office." I was horrified. The blood flew to my face, then left it white. They say this is a sign of guilt, but I should think the man who could face such an ordeal without changing color is a hardened sinner.

How I reached my room I do not know; but, on arriving there, I—well—if I had been a girl I should have cried, but, being a boy, I won't say what I did, because I don't remember anything but my reflections.

I, who had always tried so hard, had been accused, convicted as it were, before the school, as a thief. Of course they all believed it, the evidence was so strong. Still there was nothing very convincing in it, after all; but I had never tried to become popular, and, of course, could not expect a set of almost strangers to take up

for me under such suspicious circumstances. I had always flattered myself that I cared little for the opinions of the world and those around me, but, now I had lost their good opinion, I found how much I did care, and felt how friendless I was through my own indifference to those who would have been my friends. Yes! I had absolutely no friends, but reckless Hal, and even he, I feared, might in his heart suspect me, though I knew he would not admit it.

How strangely plain every thing comes back to-day, though it all seemed confused then. I remembered the day, Friday; my appointment with the professor imagined the outcome, expelled; could see the looks of those at home. Perhaps they could believe me there. Perhaps some meddler would not. Perhaps—

"I say old fell, if I was you I'd wear a different look from that, now I should caution you," shouted Harry bursting in. "I'd just like to catch me standing up there to be called a liar and thief, for long. I'd kick myself clear home if I did, and then hire a donkey to kick me back again. But I say, come on, the boys want to talk with you."

"Thank you," I replied. "I

replied, "I am sufficiently uncomfortable without their taunts."

"Why; you graceless goose, that's all you deserve after saying that. They don't one of them believe one word against you, and, what's more we are going to make a regularly organized fight of it, too."

"O, but you will get into trouble before you know it," I returned, too surprised to thank him for the proffered assistance."

"Never you mind us. We weren't raised in the woods to be scared at owls, especially screech owls. We'll take care of ourselves and you to. But you come on or I'll fetch you out of the window, directly."

Not caring to test his ability to do this I followed him, somewhat surprised and, I fear, a little gratified to find myself the central figure in a coming rebellion.

Well, I was consoled, and scolded for not having said more, and praised for having said so little and, after a time, I went back to my room happier in the assurance that I was not without friends, some of which, I knew, would not be friends if they believed the charge. So, by the time I was to repair to the professor's office I was somewhat defiant.

I noticed many secret con-

versations among the boys that afternoon but all the order I was given was not to soften. They knew I was innocent, they said, and no matter what I was threatened with, they told me never to beg off; and they would see me through.

Armed with these meager directions and my own innocence, I repaired to the dingy little office and rapped at the door. Professor himself met me. He was a hasty and irritable little man, harsh and imprudent in his address, but my poor opinion of him was somewhat modified before I left.

"So you have really come have you," he began.

"I am not aware I have done anything for which I should stay away," I replied angrily. You see the seeds of rebellion, so unconsciously planted, were already bearing fruit.

"Indeed! Perhaps you do not consider your little act of dishonesty of any consequence. Pray what do you think is, if a theft is not?" snapped the little man thoroughly riled. "I consider your act shows an entire lack of principle. What is your opinion, Sir?"

"I consider your words show an entire lack of justice," I replied. "You have no right to accuse me of this before the school without evidence."

"As to the evidence, the fact

and your own appearance convict you till such time as you can explain the first and prove your innocence."

"And I repeat that, unless you prove my guilt, you have no right to brand me as a liar and thief."

"Young man," he said, cooling down, "I am much older than you and have had, I think, more experience with human nature and most of all boy's nature. Perhaps my manner of accusing you seemed hard, but it was also hard that I should have it to do. You say I brand you as a liar and a thief. This, I will not admit. I mark you to day as you have made yourself, but must leave it with you, whether the hand of time will remove the blot. You are young and indiscreet, and, no doubt, considered the end would justify the means; but if you could, as I can, see beyond the seeming end, you would not wonder I was harsh. Remember in all things through life, the future school room, when men are tempted from honesty, the seeming end will justify the means; but you will find, my boy, the end is seldom what and where it seems to be. You have taken, let us hope, your first step toward this dangerous end, and with fair prospect of a long life before you, can make great progress towards the terrible result;

or, by taking one step backward yielding to a humble instead of a defiant spirit, you may regain the ground you have deserted and start anew. No, boy, I do not brand you as a thief; I simply warn you of your danger, and, whether the world will ever brand you as one, rests with yourself. In justice to the school, and, I think, to you, I suspend you till such time as you confess your sin, for, till then, there is no proof that you recognize it as a sin. You may go."

(To be continued in our next.)

DISCUSSION.

RESOLVED: *That the World's Fair should be open on Sunday.*

Articles for this discussion solicited from all. Hereafter no article can contain more than 300 words.

Upon this question I answer, "No, most decidedly, the Fair ought not to be opened on Sunday," and I will try and give a few reasons for saying so.

Of course, Chicago and the vicinity will be well crowded with sight-seers from all parts of the world.

As this class of people will go to Chicago for the one purpose of seeing all there is to be seen, they will have plenty of leisure during the six weekdays, without going on Sunday. This class will constitute the greater portion of the people in Chicago.

Still there will be quite a number employed during the day, (we will say from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M., these being the regular business hours), who will have no opportunity during that time.

But in all probability, the Fair will be open until 9 o'clock, perhaps later in the evening, thus giving those who are employed during the day a chance to go to the Fair in the evening.

Now, if all have ample opportunity to go to the World's Fair on week-days, why should it be open on Sunday?

But leaving all the above out of the question, we should all remember the commandment, "Refrain from the Sabbath Day to keep it holy," and this cannot be done if the World's Fair is to be open on that day.

—"LOUISE."

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